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BEHIND THE DOG AND GUN.

A Tale of American Field Sports.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG THE GROUSE.

For hundreds of miles below St. Paul, the Mississippi winds through lofty bluffs of such unvarying height that they look as if leveled off by some mighty plane. In a few places these slope away so gently as to appear irregular in height; but nearly all of them are quite steep along the sides. Here and there near the top, like the dismantled tower of some ancient castle, a frowning mass of rock stands out in bold relief; but all else is draped in a luxuriance of vegetation rarely seen in any hilly country. The stranger traveling up the Mississippi often takes these at first for a mere line of hills, and great is his surprise on climbing them to find that, for the first time, he is on the level of Minnesota. Before him he sees a vast sea of land that rolls away for hundreds of miles toward the setting sun. Behind him flows the shining Mississippi at the bottom of an immense ditch five hundred feet deep and four or five miles wide, which it cut for itself in the far-off days when the great northern glacier relaxed its icy grip upon our hemisphere. On all sides are great ravines cut by the same mighty rush of waters out of the solid land. Some of them are over a mile broad and run many miles back into the prairie, with a swift river at the bottom; others shorter and narrower, with the silvery trail of a mazy brook just discernable among rich meadows; others still smaller, from which the water that cut them long since ebbed away.

It would be difficult to lay out a country for a game preserve on a much better plan than was thus done by the great grandfather of the waters. The bottom of this immense valley through which the Mississippi has eaten its way is covered with large tracts of timber, brush, patches of prairie grass, swamps, sloughs and ponds of all sizes. In the "bottom" proper is an immense range of the very choicest grounds for geese, ducks, woodcocks, snipes, etc. In the valleys and on the prairies is the favorite home of that artless little charmer, Bob White. In the little streams that thread the valleys lives the spangled prince of fish nobility. Along the sides and heads of the ravines is the Summer home of *umbellus*, the magnificent, the ruffed grouse. The elk has long since followed the buffalo to the inevitable doom the lordly white man has pronounced against all that is noble in nature; but the deer yet lingers by the home of his ancestors, and, protected by the dense grass and thickets of the bottoms or the brushy valleys and heads of ravines, still flaunts his white banner in defiance of fiery fate.

The tops of the bluffs afford the finest kind of hunting ground for the pinnated grouse, known more commonly throughout the West as "chicken," and in the East as "prairie chicken." There are places, indeed, where grouse have been more numerous; but here are no immense cornfields or long swales of tangled grass in which the birds can escape. Here one is rarely limited by the retirement of the birds during the heat of the day, to morning and evening shooting. Nearly one-half the time one may hunt in shade, for the bluffs near the river are covered with a scattered growth of dwarf oak, like the oak openings of Wisconsin, and this at times thickens into quite a forest; while the ground beneath still keeps its original character of prairie, and the birds at times prefer it to the more open ground. Then, too, there is an almost invariable breeze sweeping across these bluffs, and a constant variety of unique and wild, but bright and fertile, scenery.

The smiling face of an August morning was widening fast into a broad grin, when two sportsmen stopped to rest under a tree on the bluffs a few miles below Lake Pepin.

"I'd like to see some of all this game I've heard so much about. I've heard about grouse breaking down the clothes line, quails cleaning out the pantry, and ducks and geese clogging up the horse troughs, until I almost believed we would have to kick a bird to make it fly so as to shoot at it," said one.

"You don't expect to find game without work, do you? I never yet saw a country where one can do that," said the other.

"What do you call work? Haven't we pried a nimble boot for two hours? And if it takes that long to find nothing how long will it take to find something?"

"Have patience, my boy. We got out a little too late this morning and haven't been hunting the right kind of ground for a warm day. On warm days the birds feed early and then go back into the shade, and toward midday they often get way down the slopes into the thick shade, and sometimes way down into the ravines. We've spent too much time near the stubbles, but we'll find plenty before night."

"Well, I hope so; but it begins like all the other big sporting expeditions I ever went on. They always fizzle out somehow. The more preparations, fuss and expectations, the less game."

The author of this choice bit of sporting philosophy (which comes very near being true) was Fred Bolton, a wealthy young gentleman of about twenty-five, from New York. Having lately discovered that field sports were becoming the most popular of American amusements, he had hastened to join the ranks of fashion, and in a short time had equipped himself with everything in the line of sporting goods, from a spring-cramp to a dog biscuit. In his back yard, setters and pointers of the noblest lineage discoursed most touching music of anticipation. Shot guns and rifles, guiltless alike of blood, reposed calmly in rosewood cases. Those momentous questions which so often distract the brain of the tyro—whether a black and white setter is as good as a liver and white one; whether eight or eight and a half pounds is the proper weight, and thirty or thirty-two inches the proper length for a gun; whether Hazard's powder is not better than Dupont's, and somebody else's shot better than the next man's manufacture—these and a host of similar distressing uncertainties, after long wrestling with the authorities and catechizing of editors of sporting journals, he had at last decided. He had studied "patterns" and "penetration" until he could tell

by the maker's name how many shot a gun would deposit in a woodcock at forty yards, and dog pedigree till he could tell by a pup's name whether he was worth his mush or not.

One little matter had thus far been lost sight of in the consideration of so many weighty points. Though he had been many times in the field, and though his dogs, having been under a skillful trainer, ranged, quartered and pointed to perfection, he had never yet drawn blood except on one occasion, when a quail lost a tail feather by getting in line with a comrade's legs, which Bolton so stimulated with shot that their owner danced all the way to the buggy. Though he tried to laugh away his failures it was clear that some secret sorrow was gnawing at his soul. "I do so wish I could hit something," would sometimes escape his despondent lip when he was alone. "And I will, too," he would add with a feeling of determination, which banished at once all remembrance of failure and brought before fancy's eye, tumbling birds and flying feathers.

But he contained plenty of the true material of which thorough sportsmen are made. He floundered through mud, tore through cat-briers and opened his harmless battery on every bird that rose, with ever increasing enthusiasm. Though he would spend half the evening in invoking benisons upon everything connected with dogs and guns, upon which by any stretch of imagination, the blame of his ill success could possibly be saddled, he would start for the field next morning with more bounding heart and buoyant hopes than ever. One day he would lay the blame on Greener, and start out on the next hunt fondling a new Tolley gun with affectionate grip, and bloody determination in his exultant eye. At night, weary, bedraggled with mud and empty of pocket, he would slam Tolley into the corner, and declare that English guns were a humbug, and that he must try a Nichols & Lefever.

But in spite of disappointment he loved hunting. It was by far the most exciting sport he had ever dreamed of; and as for health, a few days in the field made him feel good for six months. It lent, he found, a new and peculiar charm to everything associated with it. Even the pre-Adamite steak, the Herculean butter and the last year's towel of a country hotel, lost the wire-edge



JAMES OAKES, "ACORN."

of their terrors after a day on the stubbles and in the tangled brake.

For months he had been looking forward to a hunting trip to the West, and had started so as to be there on the first day on which a grouse could be legally shot. He had long been almost afloat with the buoyancy of anticipation, and now he thought he recognized another form of the old pill of disappointment.

His comrade, Will Melville, was about five years older and of a different stamp. Born and brought up on the outskirts of a small eastern city, he had from boyhood an opportunity to cultivate the strong love of hunting with which he had been born. At the age of twelve he had graduated from blow gun and long bow practice on robins, sparrows and the neighbors' cats, and with a long single-barreled gun was ranging the country for miles around. At fifteen he was as thorough and ardent a woodsman within his little sphere as the mightiest of Leatherstockings is in his sphere, knew every squirrel and opossum hole for miles around, and almost knew the hares by name. At seventeen he could clip the whistling wing of the woodcock in the thickest brake, and trip in its buzzing flight the swiftest quail; and was looked upon as an equal, by the old and crack shots of the place. His love of the chase laid neither in the destruction of life, nor in the eating of game, nor in the making of big counts, but in a deep love of nature in her wildest forms of living beauty. It was not the love of those who rant of what they have never felt, and whose fashionable emotions, lashed into foam by a storm of editorial adjectives, are constantly dashing on the shore of editorial endurance, in breakers of froth and noise about daisies, daffodils, cat-birds and crickets, each dignified with the name of "poem;" but that love which the epithets of literary upholstery can never reach, and which is known only by him who has felt the life tide rush as only the excitement of the chase can send it. For Melville no toll was too heavy, no privation too severe, no disappointment too great to check his enthusiasm for the sports of the field and forest. Day after day he would start out over the old, well-gleaned grounds of the East, with as bounding a heart as if game were plenty, and be almost rewarded with even

the sight of the booming grouse or whizzing quail. Having made several hunting trips to the West, he was familiar with its game and grounds, and had accompanied his old college friend Bolton to the North Star State, for an Autumn tour with dog and gun.

"We'll go to the buggy and take a social bite and smoke, and then drive to a better piece of ground," said Melville.

On the way to the wagon a satin-skinned, rat-tailed pointer belonging to Bolton suddenly stopped, took a few sniffs of the breeze that played across the head of a little swale about a hundred yards away, then turned around and looked at Bolton, took another sniff, looked very serious, moved slowly forward and then stopped and stood with gently swaying tail and an air of great importance and interest.

"Look at Romeo!" exclaimed Bolton, "he's got something at last. Call in old Jack and see what he's got to say about it."

But as he spoke, Jack, a dashing Gordon setter belonging to Melville, caught sight of Romeo as he turned in his beat, and wheeling half around stiffened out like an icicle, with an anxious gaze at Romeo.

"He's only backing Romeo on sight," said Melville, "but there are birds ahead somewhere. Send Romeo ahead a little. It's a long point."

But the dog declined going ahead much. He would move a few steps with great caution and then stop; but Jack came stealing slowly up, with a gait much like that of an elephant walking over his keeper.

"You see Romeo is a young dog, very cautious and well broken, and has never smelt chickens before. They make a strong scent too. I'll send Jack ahead I guess," said Melville. "It's not a good practice, but it won't hurt occasionally with obedient dogs."

Jack required but little urging, for he was a veteran in the service. He trotted slowly ahead of Romeo, and with head up high started on a slightly zigzag line in the direction of the breeze, and in a moment disappeared behind a little knoll. Romeo felt uneasy at being passed by Jack, but was too well broken to try to run ahead.

"Now then my boy for your first chicken" said Melville as he reached the top of the knoll. "Here they are for certain."

As he spoke Bolton caught sight of Jack half way down the slope standing in the rigidity of a marble statue, with tail stiff as a flag staff from which the soft banner of silken fringe waved lightly in the breeze. Romeo stood some yards behind, all screwed up in a heap on a fallen tree trunk as if frozen fast in the middle of an unfinished jump. And so he had been, for he was just getting over it when he caught sight of Jack pointing. His tail was quivering at the tip with excitement, and one could almost see his mouth water with anticipation.

And now Bolton began to feel queer. Hot flashes began to gambol up and down his back, and there was an unmistakable tendency to elevation in his back hair. He examined his gun, adjusted his hat, looked at his gun again to be sure it was cocked, wiped an imaginary cobweb from his eye, scratched his nose and readjusted his hat, inspected his gun again, scratched the other side of his nose, and with voice tremulous from his thumping heart said, "Will, do you think its chickens?"

Famous American Sporting Writers.

BY WILL WILDWOOD.

Editor of Forester's "Fugitive Sporting Sketches."

BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES—NUMBER I.

JAMES OAKES.—"ACORN."

James Oakes, the keen sportsman and accomplished writer whose productions under the *nom de plume* of "Acorn" have added so much to the charm of early sporting literature, was born at Malden, Mass., a few miles from Faneuil Hall, of world-wide celebrity, May 23, 1807. His passion for field and athletic sports was developed at an early age, and during his school-boy days Mr. Oakes knew no greater pleasure than that of angling along the cool, rippling streams, or with gun in hand, hunting through the field and forest—recreations which he followed zealously when opportunity offered. He had, moreover, even in early youth, a keen eye for thoroughbred horses, and became in later years a thorough connoisseur of blood and breeding in trotters, etc. His love of equestrian exercise, his firm hand and easy seat when in the saddle, soon gave him an enviable reputation as a rider, though he pursued the exercise solely for sport, not as a jockey upon the race-course. In all athletic exercises he exhibited rare proficiency, and in early manhood was known among all his acquaintances as an accomplished athlete, possessing all the requisite qualities of strength, activity and courage.

After an educational course in the common schools, James Oakes, at the age of sixteen years, entered a counting house in Boston, where he learned the rudiments of a commercial education. When twenty-three years of age he began business at Long Wharf, in that city, and the place is yet famous as being the local habitation during business hours of one so genial, versatile and well-beloved, both as a writer and a man, as the genial "Acorn" of the old *Spirit*. An intimate friend of Mr. Oakes thus alludes to the building wherein the sportsman and sporting writer plied his vocation for nearly a half century:

"Near the extremity of Long Wharf, in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, stands a structure, nearly the last of the old wooden buildings in that portion of the town, venerable from age and illustrious from association. Over the low-browed portal may be read the words: 'Old Salt House, No. 49.' Here for more than forty years James Oakes, universally known as the 'Acorn,' of the *New York Spirit of the Times*, one of its most brilliant and popular contributors, flourished as a merchant, and here, though now retired from commerce, he still receives his friends in what he terms 'The Old Den.' And what feet have worn the sunken stairs that led up to it, in days long gone! They have been beneath the weight of Edwin Forest and Albert Pike, of Edmund Kean and the elder Booth. Nathaniel Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, Dickens and Thackeray have likewise oft passed the portal, for the owner's heart warmed toward men of every clime and profession."

Residing in the city, James Oakes soon developed a taste which he had early imbibed for the drama, and association with prominent actors, combined with keen perception, gave to the theatrical criticisms of "Acorn" a popularity and respect seldom accorded to dramatic critiques. Early in the career of the illustrious Edwin Forrest, James Oakes became his firm friend, and in later years, when the great actor was afflicted with "the ills which mortal flesh is heir to," nobly was that friendship tested. Forrest often remarked, with tears of emotion, that the warm sympathy of his friend Oakes alone saved him from despair; in truth from becoming a hapless misanthrope. Often when the great tragedian, in his declining years, was suffering from lameness that threatened a total disability, driving him to the verge of desperation, the heart-felt sympathy and cheering words of James Oakes revived his courage, and, supported by a naturally indomitable will, he acted the part of Hamlet, or of Damon, Macbeth, and Lear, with something of his old-time spirit. In acting Lear the lameness of Forrest added to, rather than marred, the effect; and throughout all, in storm and in sunshine, Oakes stood firm to his trust until the grave closed over "the greatest Lear the stage has ever known." Mr. Alger in his elaborate "Life of Forrest" very gracefully dedicates the work "To James Oakes, the True Pythias in the real life of this Damon."

Upon the occasion of the great Kean riot in the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, when the actor's life was endangered by the rude mob, Mr. Oakes rescued him by procuring a carriage and assisting Kean in reaching it by emerging from a rear entrance of the building; whereupon he was safely and speedily conducted out of town. "Mr. Oakes, you would make a great actor," said the English tragedian with feeling. "Why so?" inquired he. "Because," replied Kean, "it takes a heart to make an actor, and you have a great heart."

When the mania for trotters first became prevalent among American turfmen, Mr. Oakes determined to secure a fast one, and with that end in view purchased the afterwards celebrated Polly Ogden. This trotter was his pride and pet, developing remarkable speed, and becoming decidedly famous among Boston turfmen while owned by the versatile "Acorn," who often drove her "low down in the thirties," an astonishing rate of speed at that day. Like American Eclipse, she had no pedigree, and it is probable that she would have ended her days as a common cart horse had not the keen eye of Oakes discovered her points—for the mare was, like the one mentioned in "Tom and Jerry," "a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go." The speed of Polly Ogden was put to a severe test upon one occasion. Just after leaving the town of Lynn one evening, behind his cherished trotter, Mr. Oakes was suddenly accosted by a highwayman who sprang from the roadside, grasped the mare by the bit, and made the usual peremptory demand, "Your money or your life." James Oakes was unarmed, but, nothing daunted by the forest outlaw or the pistol presented, he gave Polly a stinging cut with the whip, and as the mare sprang forward the robber was thrown prostrate, the wheels passing over him, but not until a bullet had been sped which passed through Oakes' hat, just grazing his head. It is believed that the mare made the fastest time on record between Lynn and Boston, and the hat was preserved as a relic, and may be found alluded to in one of Frank Forester's inimitable contributions to the old "Spirit of the Times." The exploit well exemplifies the dauntless courage which characterized James Oakes.

After the death of Forrest the accomplished "Acorn" became one of the executors, and faithfully did he fulfill the trust. As an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Oakes has remarked, he might but for his countless deeds of charity, have lived and died a millionaire. He never beheld a person in want, without attempting to alleviate the case, yet, with a modesty inherent in his nature, he scarce let his left hand know the good his right had performed. The warm, sympathetic nature of the man is exhibited in his eloquent tribute to "Frank Forester," as published with the excellent memoir of that immortal sporting author in later editions of "Field Sports," and the memorial sketch of "York's Tall Son," which appears in Brinley's admirable "Life of Porter."

The well-earned reputation of "Acorn" as one of the most genial contributors of the old "Spirit"—famous as it was for the excellence of its corps of correspondents—was not so much the result of elaborate composition as heartiness and candor; unswerving integrity, earnestness, and fine chivalric sense of honor, combined with natural ease of expression, force of thought, the apt delineation of matters and things, which characterized all his writings. His style was as unstudied as it was graceful and eloquent when the deeper emotions of heart and soul were stirred. He wrote from the heart, and through the profusion of sketches which came forth free and pure as the water from the fount, his noble qualities, which so endeared the man to hosts of friends, seem indelibly stamped. The following letter to his friend "Nicholas Spicer" will serve to illustrate the nature of "Acorn" most admirably.

IN THE OLD DEN, 49 Long Wharf, Boston, Dec. 18, 1871.

Dear Old Friend Spicer:—I have seized my pen to tell you how much genuine joy I felt an hour since while reading "Nicholas Spicer's" glorious letter in the *Turf, Field and Farm* of the 15th inst., and from the inner chambers of my heart I thank you. It has stirred a whole history of memories, and brought vividly to my mind's eye the faces and forms of those loved old friends that will hold a sacred and hallowed place in my heart to the last hour of my life. *Forget them? No, never!* So long as memory holds a place in this distracted globe, I can no more forget their genial faces, their noble forms, their manly and sublime attributes, than can I my sainted mother's love so fondly lavished on my childhood and in my infancy, in those bright and innocent days before I had learned the blight of this world's selfishness. Their names are sacred! They are bound to my heart with hooks of steel. The fellowship existing between the members of the "Old Spirit Family" is a brotherhood—it is divine! How my heart throbs and sends the warm life current prickling through my veins as I call the dear fellows up before me. Alas! how few of them are left!

But, dear Spicer, there is a memory of the dead to which we love to turn even from the charms of the living. Your glorious letter, with its store of reminiscences, falls upon my soul as the evening dew upon the parched earth and faded flowers to freshen and revive, or, like the oasis in the desert to the parched lips of the weary traveler, to give new life, and it almost stimulates me to hold converse with those dear companions who are left on earth belonging to the charmed circle of "our family." I wish I could snatch leisure from the toils and cares of my life to have a "talk" with them, of the past. I feel a shame mantling to my cheeks when I think of my neglect. But then, what a feeling of sadness comes over me when I realize how few of that loved circle are among the living. You, my dear friend "Spicer," have set a noble example which I hope some of our old 'uns will follow. Here, kind friend, take my hand, with my heart in it, for writing of those good old days and of those loved companions of whom we so fondly think and speak. When you meet any of them say for me that "Acorn" has not forgotten them, and never will forget them to the last moment of his recorded existence. The noble mother of an "honorary" member of the old *Spirit* family died in our city a few weeks since; the son I laid away in Mount Auburn twenty years ago, and then paid a tribute to his memory. A fortnight since I placed his honored mother by his side.

Albert Pike, I think I told you, has been here for a day or two to see me. He and I "sat upon the ground and told sad stories of the death of kings." Once more thanking you for your excellent letter, and wishing you and all who are dear to you on earth, health, happiness, and prosperity, know me to be sincerely now and forever,

Your friend,

JAMES OAKES.

Several years since, upon assuming the duties of executor for the estate of his lamented friend Forrest, Mr. Oakes retired from business life, retiring to his country home in the vicinity of Boston. Here he lived in comparative retirement, and on the 5th of June, 1878, after an illness of several months, he departed

this life, sincerely mourned by all who knew him. Numerous and sympathetic were the comments of the press, not only in his native city, but wherever his kindly influence and presence were known. The sporting journals gave to his memory the sad posthumous honor of their tributes, heart-felt and spontaneous. The writer of this memoir in a brief mortuary tribute took occasion to remark:

"Another true and enthusiastic sportsman, one of the most eminent of the old *Spirit* coterie, and, withal a gentleman of the finest qualities of head and heart, has passed to the 'shadow land,' leaving a void in that circle of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, that can never be filled."

"James Oakes departed this life on the fifth of the present month, at Arlington, near Boston, and was followed to his final resting place, in Mount Auburn Cemetery by a large number of friends and acquaintances. His most intimate friends have been aware for three months past that his death might occur at any hour or moment, but during that time, though suffering greatly from an affection of the heart, he has borne up with remarkable fortitude and even cheerfulness, until the cold extinguisher of all mortal ties closed his earthly career, and the spark of life was quenched."

"In reviewing the history of this remarkable man one can scarcely fail to admire and treasure up the true nobility of soul, lavish generosity, warm impulses, and all those attributes which go to constitute the real man. In life he was honored and respected as 'the type of truest manliness,' and dying he has left a name and example of which his friends may be justly proud. If in the character of James Oakes any trait was prominent above all others it was his charity, yet with a modesty characteristic of the man, he strove rather to cover his generous deeds, than blazen them forth to the world. He was in truth one of those rare and glorious men who 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.' One of his most intimate friends, a former school-mate, well-known to the readers of the *Spirit* in its earlier days as the 'Old 'un,' remarks: 'I regret that he never would permit me or any of his friends to write his biography in full. However, his virtues are written on a thousand grateful hearts, and when he breathes his last the mourning will be sincere and wide. The life of Oakes would have been a work of almost universal interest, as it would represent, associated with him, many of the most eminent men of the age; gentlemen distinguished in arts, arms, letters and society; such as Forrest, Booth, Sr., Edmund Kean, Nathaniel Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, W. T. Porter, H. W. Herbert, Lewis Gaylord Clark, and others."

The annexed lines to the memory of the departed sportsman serve to show the esteem in which he was held while living; and the little tribute has been aptly termed "a garland of oak leaves for the gifted 'Acorn.'"

IN MEMORY OF JAMES OAKES.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"A man so sterling and true that his friendship was a consecration, like the cross of the Legion of Honor."—N. Y. *Evening Express*.

Beneath the verdant sod and whispering trees,
His requiem softly sung by bird and breeze,
Lies the true friend of many changeable years;
Serene and sad, of laughter and of tears.
The joy was brighter, grief less hard to bear,
With his warm sympathy in both to share.
When the death-angel visited my door,
And, one by one, away my treasures bore,
His voice it was that taught me how to bear
The weight of sorrow, and defy despair;
The hardest critic might his record scan,
Nor could deny him this—he was a man!
Aye, every inch a man! true, generous, brave,
Steadfast in friendship, to the closing grave.
In health, in sickness, and the parting hour,
He never bowed to wealth or cringed to power.
Friend of the friendless, to the suffering poor
His aid, unasked, was liberal and sure.
No ostentatious aid—in secret given,
Forgotten here, but registered in heaven.
Thousands his manly virtues will attest
And bathe with tears his lovely place of rest.
Those who best knew were those who loved him best.
—Boston *Evening Transcript*.

The Horse.

Kentucky Association—Fall Meeting.

FIRST DAY—SEPT. 8.

The Fall meeting of the Kentucky Association, at Lexington, Ky., which opened Sept. 3 was favored with fine weather and good attendance, but track heavy, caused by the heavy rains of the previous Sunday. The first race on the card was the Viley Stakes for three-year-olds, one mile and a half, with thirty-two nominations, of which six came to the post. These were A. Buford's bay colt General Pike, by Longfellow; J. F. Robinson, Jr.'s, chestnut filly Lilly R, by Glenelg; T. J. Nichols' chestnut colt Montreal, by Monarchist; D. Swigert's bay colt Trinidad, by Australian; B. G. Thomas' chestnut colt Aureolus, by Waverly; and H. W. Farris' chestnut colt Buckner, by Buckden. In the pools Trinidad brought \$120; Buckner, \$40; General Pike, \$30; Montreal, \$25; Lilly R, \$14, and Aureolus, \$10. Buckner went away in front, Montreal second, Trinidad third, Lilly R fourth, Aureolus fifth, General Pike sixth. Montreal took the lead on the turn, with Buckner second and Trinidad third. There was no change at the three-quarter pole, but at the stand Montreal led Buckner a length, Aureolus third, Trinidad fourth, General Pike fifth and Lilly R sixth. Entering the stretch, Trinidad, Montreal and Aureolus were head and head, each whipping. After a brilliant struggle home Aureolus won the race by one length and a half, Trinidad second, two lengths in front of Montreal, third; Buckner fourth, Lilly R fifth and General Pike a bad sixth. The mile was run in 1:53½, and the race in 2:51½.

Second on the programme was the Filly Stakes, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile. Thirteen nominations and seven starters. These comprised Mr. Josh Kidd's Parissa, by Paris; Mr. Joseph P. Rogers' Emma Perry, by Buckden; Mr. George W. Woolley's Lilly M, by Virgil; Rhodes & Carr's Blue Lodge, by Fallowcraft; Mr. A. Keene Richards' bay filly by War Dance, dam Mattie; Mr. James A. Grinstead's bay filly, by Alarm, dam Tarantella, and Mr. R. H. Owens' Sly Dance, by War Dance, dam Sly Boots. Sly Dance was the favorite, selling in the pools for \$120; Blue Lodge, \$100, while the field averaged \$160. Sly Dance jumped away with the lead. Before reaching the half-mile pole the Alarm filly was two lengths in front, Sly Dance, lapped by Parissa, third, and Blue Lodge fourth. At the three-quarters the Alarm filly was one length in front, with Sly Dance second, lapped by Blue Lodge. Entering the stretch the three made play, when Sly Dance drew clear half way home, and won with something in hand by two lengths, the Alarm filly second, a neck in front of Blue Lodge, third; Parissa was a bad fourth. Time, 1:32½.

The last race of the day was a dash of one mile, for all ages. This brought five to the post, the betting being as follows:—Himyar, \$175; Vender, \$30; Day Star, \$30; Bashl-Bazouk, \$25, and Peru, \$25. Bashl-Bazouk obtained the best of the start, Peru second, Himyar third, Vender fourth, Day Star fifth. Himyar took the lead on the turn, was never after headed and won in a gallop by two lengths, Vender second, Bashl-Bazouk a bad third, Peru fourth, Day Star fifth. Time, 1:51½.

SECOND DAY—SEPT. 9.

The track was much improved, though slow, the weather continuing fine with good attendance. There were three races on the card. The first, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds that had never won a race, mile heats. Seven of the thirteen nominations came to the post. These comprised Thomas Bradley's chestnut filly Alice Bruce, by Fallowcraft; A. Buford's bay colt Lloyd Harris, by Enquirer; R. F. Johnson's bay filly Blanche J, by Australian; S. B. Lyne's chestnut filly Ada Glenn, by Glenelg; Thomas J. Nichols' bay gelding Victim, by Victory; D. Swigert's chestnut gelding Callao, by Planet; George W. Bowen & Co.'s chestnut colt One Dime, by Wanderer, and E. Ingel's chestnut filly La Galatea, by War Dance. Before the first heat Ada Glenn was favorite

over the field. She brought \$300, while all the others commanded but \$160.

First Heat.—Blanche J went away in the lead, Victim second, Ada Glenn third, followed by Callao, La Galatea, Alice Bruce, Lloyd Harris and One Dime in the order named. There were no changes to the quarter-pole, but just after passing that point Lady Harris stumbled and fell, and, One Dime striking him, threw his jockey, Hightower, who was severely injured. Blanche J held her lead past the half and three-quarter poles, with Victim second and Ada Glenn third. Entering the stretch Victim went to the front and won the heat by a length, Blanche J second, the same distance in advance of Ada Glenn, third, Callao fourth and Alice Bruce fifth. La Galatea, Lady Harris and One Dime were distanced, the two latter passing the post riderless. Time, 1:49.

Second Heat.—Ada Glenn was still in favor by many and readily brought \$100, Victim \$60 and the field \$40. Ada Glenn was first away. Before reaching the quarter-pole Blanche J took the lead, Ada Glenn second and Victim third. Along the backstretch and before the half-mile pole was passed Victim rushed to the front. A driving race home ensued, which ended by Victim winning by a head. Ada Glenn was second, Blanche J third, Callao fourth and Alice Bruce distanced. Time, 1:49½.

The Colt Stakes, for two-year olds, three-quarters of a mile, was the second event. Nine of the fifteen nominations responded. These were R. H. Owen's chestnut colt Kinkead, by Waverly; Rufus Lisle's brown gelding Wave o' Light, by Waverly; James A. Grinstead's chestnut colt Mistake, by Waverly; John Jackson's gray colt Bowling Green, by Tom Bowling; T. J. Megibben's bay colt Wakefield, by Wanderer; D. Swigert's chestnut colt Talisman, by Waverly; J. S. Shawhan's chestnut colt Fonso, by King Alfonso; R. F. Johnson's chestnut colt Nomad, by Wanderer; S. J. Salyer's chestnut colt Aurora's Baby, by Baywood. The betting was spirited. Talisman and Mistake each brought \$100 freely in the pools, Fonso \$65, and the others combined \$85. Wakefield jumped away in front to a good start, Fonso second, Talisman third, the rest well bunched. Before reaching the half-mile pole Fonso took the lead, Wakefield second and Talisman third. Fonso held his commanding position around the turn and to the three-quarters. On the stretch the lot took closer order, but Fonso still kept in front, which place of honor he held and won handsily by two lengths, Mistake second, three lengths in front of Kinkead third. Time 1:30½.

The closing event was an extra race for a purse of \$300, for all ages, \$50 to the second horse, one mile and an eighth. Seven started. The betting averaged, Cadwallader's Kinkora, \$350; Buford's Good Night, \$170; Megibben's Minnock, \$150; Harper's Irish King, Grinstead's Bashl-Bazouk, Brien & Co.'s Sam Ecker and Murphy's Coquena, as a field, \$60. After some half dozen breaks away Kinkora jumped off in front, Good Night second, Minnock third, the others in close order. At the stand Good Night led and ran very fast around the turn leading eight lengths at the quarter pole, Kinkora second, Minnock third, Coquena fourth, Bashl-Bazouk fifth, Sam Ecker sixth and Irish King last. Before reaching the half-mile pole Good Night began "to come back" to his horses. Entering the stretch Sam Ecker and Irish King were leading. They ran lapped half way down the stretch, when Irish King won easily by two lengths. Sam Ecker was second, one length in front of Kinkora, who was third, followed by Good Night, Minnock, Bashl-Bazouk and Coquena, in the order named. Time, 2:01½.

THIRD DAY—SEPT. 10.

Good weather and fine attendance were in order. The card called for three races.

The opening race was a purse of \$300, for all ages, mile heats. J. Henry Miller's Leon, by Longfellow, 3 years, and G. W. Wilson's J. R. Swiney, by War Dance, 4 years, were the starters. Before the start Leon brought \$100 and Swiney \$40. In the first heat both went away together, Swiney taking the lead on the turn. Soon after Leon moved up and the pair raced head and head to the lower turn, where Leon dropped back and Swiney came home an easy winner by six lengths. Time, 1:47½. For the second heat Swiney brought \$300 and Leon \$100. Swiney jumped away in front at the start, and maintained his position as leader to the three-quarter pole. Here he was joined by Leon, and entering the stretch the pair were driving. It was a terrific struggle home, but Swiney managed to win on the post by a neck. Time, 1:49.

The second event was a selling sweepstakes for all ages. One mile and a half. There were eight entries and five starters. These were Ella Rowett, 5 years; Ed. Turner, 5 years; Harry Peyton, 5 years; Buckshot, 3 years, and Momentum, 4 years. Rowett was the favorite, selling readily for \$100; Ed. Turner, \$50; Henry Peyton, \$30, and the field for \$56. Harry Peyton jumped away in the lead to a capital start, Ella Rowett second, Ed. Turner third, Buckshot fourth and Momentum fifth. At the stand, Buckshot was a length in front of Ed. Turner, he a half a length the best of Ella Rowett, Harry Peyton fourth and Momentum fifth. At the half, Turner took the lead, Ella Rowett at the same time moving up second, Harry Peyton third. Entering the stretch she took the lead and won handsily by one length and a half, Ed. Turner second, eight lengths in front of Harry Peyton third, Momentum fourth, Buckshot last. Time, 2:39½.

The last race was a purse of \$125, for all ages, dash of three-quarters of a mile. Six starters, Shaker, by Longfellow, 3 years; Lloyd Harris, by Enquirer, 3 years; Glendalla, by Glenelg, 4 years; City Merchant, by Alarm, 3 years; Crosslet, by War Dance, 5 years; Captain Reeze, by Wanderer, 3 years, and chestnut gelding, by Wanderer, 3 years. Shaker sold for \$100, Lloyd for \$50, Glendalla \$45 and the field \$45. After several false attempts they got away to a good start, Gilman's gelding in the lead. Before reaching the half-mile pole Lloyd Harris was four lengths in front of Gilman's gelding, he lapped by Captain Reeze and Shaker, the others close up. Entering the stretch Glendalla and Shaker were head and head, Lloyd Harris third, lapped by City Merchant. Half-way down home Glendalla took the lead and won by two lengths, Shaker second, one length in front, City Merchant third, Crosslet fourth, Lloyd Harris fifth, Gilman's gelding sixth and Captain Reeze last. Time, 1:16½.

FOURTH DAY—SEPT. 11.

The track was in fine order and fast, the weather fine and attendance large. Three races on the card, the first for a purse of \$300, for all ages, one mile and an eighth. Four came to the post, Cammie F, by Glenelg, 4 years; Capt. Fred Rice, by Rebel, 4 years; Buckshot, by Buckden, 3 years, and Jils Johnson, by Longfellow, 3 years. Cammie F sold for \$100, Captain Fred Rice \$40, Jils Johnson \$30, and Buckshot \$8. Cammie was first away. At the stand Fred Rice was half a length to the front, Cammie F second, Jils Johnson a length off third, lapped by Buckshot. Going down the backstretch Fred Rice increased his lead to a length, Cammie F second, Jils Johnson third, Buckshot fourth. Entering the stretch all four were driving, Jils Johnson being slightly in the lead, and after a desperate race home Jils Johnson won by a head, Cammie F second, half a length in front of Fred Rice, third, who was a head in front of Buckshot, fourth. Time, 1:50½.

Ashland Oaks, for three-year-old fillies; \$100 entrance, half forfeit with \$500 added. One mile and a half. Of twenty-four nominations ten responded. These were Juanita, by Wanderer; Miss Hardaway, by Monarchist; Lilly B, by Glenelg; Florence B, by Longfellow; Brillianteen, by War Dance; McGrathiana, by Tom Bowling; Blanche J, by Australian; Coquena, by Longfellow; Peru, by Glenelg; and chestnut filly, by War Dance, dam Sue Dougherty. Juanita was the favorite, selling for \$160; Miss Hardaway, \$85, and the others as a field, \$30. Considerable time was lost by the temper shown by the favorite Juanita. The flag fell to a straggling start, Peru leading. Passing the stand Miss Hardaway led Juanita a length, Florence B third, followed by Lilly R, Peru, McGrathiana, Brillianteen, Blanche J, Richards' filly and Coquena in the order named. Coming around the lower turn they all took closer order, Brillianteen going into second place at the three-quarter pole. Entering the stretch Peru and McGrathiana came out of the rack, and within the furlong pole Peru took the lead and won by a length, McGrathiana second, the same distance in front of Miss Hardaway, third, followed by Juanita, Brillianteen, Florence B, Lilly R, Blanche J, Richards' filly, and Coquena last. Time, 2:33½. The mile was run in 1:46½.

The Quincey (Ill.) Meeting.

The Quincey meeting, the second of the series of the Great Western Trotting Circuit opened on Sept. 9. The programme called for the 3:00 minute and 2:30 class trots and a running dash of mile heats. For the former John R. Don Quixote, Drift, and Carrie Cozzens answered the bell. John R was a strong favorite and won in unbroken heats. Don Quixote showed the way for the first quarter of the first heat, and then gave way to the favorite, who went on and won as he pleased, in 2:35; Don Quixote second, Drift a poor third, Carrie Cozzens distanced.

The second heat was a peculiar and unsatisfactory one. Drift trotted around Don Quixote and John R in the first quarter, causing both to break. Entering the second quarter her owner signaled her driver to ease up, which signal was understood by the driver to mean that it was no go, and he accordingly pulled the mare almost to a stand-still. Dustin came up with Don Quixote, and he, too, became confused and slowed up. Before either could get under way McKimmen, who kept John R at his work, passed both of them, and had the heat safe. As he finished the half at the wire, he was three lengths ahead in 2:38, Don Quixote second, Drift third. No little excitement resulted from this performance, but the judges accepted the explanations of the drivers, and gave John R the benefit of their errors.

John R was never passed in the third heat, which he won by an open length in 2:40. Don Quixote second, Drift saved his distance. Warrior, Ada Paul and Little Wonder started for the second race, the 2:30 class. Ada Paul sold before the first heat for \$25, against \$15 for Warrior and \$2 for Little Wonder. After the first heat, which she won in a jog in 2:38, the figures became 3 to 1 in her favor. Warrior broke on the first turn, and thereafter was only driven to save his distance. By

a strict ruling Little Wonder would have been shut out, but the judges allowed him his place. Warrior took the three heats in 2:26, 2:29 and 2:31.

In the second and third, the mare led into the homestretch, but gave it up coming home, and was beaten 100 yards from the wire. Warrior led from start to finish in the fourth heat.

The running race brought out Bill Bass, Renown, Uncle Dan and Boston-on-the-Table. Bass did not strive for the first heat, which Renown won by a head from Uncle Dan in 1:49, but secured the next two without being pushed, in 1:46 and 1:57.

The fair and races on the second day, Sept. 10, were well attended. The first called was the 2:40 class. Green Charley, Sucker Maid, William H. and Business answered. Green Charley sold over the field at \$10 to \$5, the short end going begging, but the best he could get was last place. Sucker Maid won in four heats, the third being taken by Business. The finish of the last heat was remarkably close, the whole four passing under the wire within a neck of each other, Sucker Maid first, Wm. H. and Green Charley even for second place, and Business fourth. Green Charley was quite lame; in spite he was very speedy, but left his feet frequently. Wm. H., a four-year-old, displayed an immense turn of speed. The judges took out Saunders and put up John Drew for the fourth heat. A break on the second quarter was all that kept the colt from winning. Time of each heat, 2:32, 2:30, 2:34, 2:39.

The 2:22 race was considered a certainty for Katie Middleton, who brought twice as much in the pools as Little Gypsy, Katie Bates, Monroe Chief and Katie Hall together. Little Gypsy, Katie Bates and Katie Middleton had a close finish for the first heat, which Little Gypsy won by a neck from Katie Bates, who was set back to last for interfering with Katie Middleton on the homestretch. Katie Bates led to the half of the second heat, and broke and resigned first place to Little Gypsy, who won by six lengths. Monroe Chief and Little Gypsy had a hard fight for the third heat, the mare winning through the Chief's breaking inside the distance. Katie Middleton struck her knee in the second heat and could not trot a bit thereafter. The track, which is a figure 8, did not suit her. Monroe Chief was a much better horse to day than at any time previously this season. Considering that the track was slow and hard at one point and crusty at another, Little Gypsy trotted a fast and game race. Time, 2:23, 2:24, 2:24, 2:24.

Bill Bass, Renown and Victor D. contested the mile-and-a-half dash. Bass was favorite over the other two at ten to four. Victor D. cut out the work and held the lead for a mile, with Renown second and Bass last. About three furlongs from home Renown assumed the lead. Swinging into the homestretch, Victor D. and Bass moved up, and, after an exciting run to the wire, Renown won by half a length in 2:48, Victor second, a head before Bass.

The four races on the third day, Sept. 11, attracted an immense crowd. These were for the 2:50, 2:26, the "free for all" and a purse for Hopeful (trotter), and Lucy (pacer). The horses were called promptly for the 2:50 race, John R., Drift and Carrie Cozzens taking positions and getting off well together. In the first heat John R. led, jogged down the stretch, and went under the wire on a walk. John R. was the favorite at the pool-box, but it was evident from the driving in the first heat that Drift was the fastest horse. A protest was entered against her at the judges' stand, and Dan Mace was put behind her. The change made but little difference in the race, as John R. took the second and third heats, Annie Cozzens being distanced in the second heat. At the conclusion of the race the driver of Drift was fined \$100 and suspended until the amount is paid, for throwing the race. The time in the 2:50 race was 2:49, 2:43, 2:39.

In the 2:26 class there were six starters—McCurdy's Hambletonian, Warrior, Champion Girl, Amboy, Convey and Richmond. It was evident from the start that the horses would be driven to win, and this race was one of the finest of the entire meeting. In the first heat the horses passed the half-mile pole nearly in a line, but when they turned into the stretch Hambletonian went to the front and passed under the wire a length ahead, with Warrior second, Champion Girl third and Amboy fourth. The second and third heats were even better than the first, all six of the horses keeping well together nearly the entire distance round the track, but passing under the wire in nearly the same order as in the first heat. Time, 2:26, 2:28, 2:27.

The free-for-all brought out Darby, Little Gypsy, Charley Ford and Scott's Thomas. Dan Mace drove Darby, but on the first heat he broke badly and fell a long distance to the rear, Little Gypsy coming in first, Scott's Thomas second and Darby third. The second heat was the most brilliant of the race, Darby breaking again and falling twenty lengths behind before the half-mile pole was reached, but for the rest of the distance he trotted wonderfully fast, gradually closing up the gap, winning by a single length, with Charley Ford second, and Gipsy third. In the third heat Darby also did some fast trotting, another bad break giving him a strong disadvantage to overcome. When he settled down to his work, however, left the other horses one by one in the rear, the four going under the wire nearly in a bunch, with Darby in front. Time, 2:24, 2:20, 2:23, 2:23.

The event of the day was the race between Hopeful and Lucy, the fast pacer. Hopeful trotted the three heats without a skip or a break, showing some magnificent bursts of speed and winning the race. Time, 2:16, 2:17, 2:18. Considering the fact that the wind was blowing very strong during the entire race, the record is a good one. When Mace drove Hopeful back to the judges' stand, after the third heat, a mammoth wreath of rare flowers was thrown over the horses' head—a gift from the ladies of Quincy.

The meeting closed on Sept. 12, with three events, viz., the 2:19 class trot, pacing free to all, and a mile heat running race, 3 in 5. The rain of the previous night made the track slow.

The starters for the 2:19 purses were Charley Ford, Mazomanie, Doty and Scott's Thomas. Katie Middleton had not recovered from the effects of the 2:22 race, and was drawn. Ford won cleverly in 2:25, 2:23 and 2:26. Doty was a good second in the first heat. In the others Mazomanie came home on the winner's wheel. All five were in a cluster finishing the fourth heat, the start for which was marked by an accidental tap of the bell that caused the drivers to slow up on the first turn, and then go on again, in consequence of which the time was comparatively slow.

Sleepy Tom scored another victory in the pacing contest, winning the first, third and fourth heats. Rowdy Boy made one of his marvelous brushes in the second quarter of the second heat, carried Tom to a break, and won the heat by a length from Mattie Hunter, who made a break at the quarter and paced at locomotive speed after settling. The little mare was second in every heat, and was beaten but a neck, for the fourth, which was made in 2:16. She led into the homestretch, but tired within fifty yards of the wire. None of the horses were as steady as usual; the track did not suit them, and they accordingly made frequent breaks. Lucy could do nothing of importance, the turns proving too much for her.

The running race brought out Uncle Dan and Victor D. Two heats were run. Uncle Dan winning the first by two open lengths, and Victor D. finishing a neck ahead in the second. A complaint of foul riding on the first turn was made by Uncle Dan's jockey, and the judges sent Victor D. to the stable and gave the race to Uncle Dan.

Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club Fall Meeting.

The Fall trotting meeting of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club commenced on Sept. 16, with the usual light attendance which characterizes trotting meetings hereabouts. On the opening day the weather was fine and cool, but a southern gale of wind which later in the afternoon changed from the north, materially retarded the speed of the horses engaged, and which will account for the slow time made. The two races on the card were for the 2:40 and 2:35 class horses. In the former nine out of the ten original entries answered the bell, Mr. Hanscom's stallion Strader being drawn, a circumstance brought about by the sudden discovery that the horse was under suspension, a claim of unpaid entrance money contracted three years ago, while the horse was owned by others. This was much regretted as many interested in the get of the horse, were desirous of seeing him perform publicly in good company. The race was won with ease in three unbroken heats by William H., a son of Young Wilkes. Time, 2:30, 2:31, 2:31. Windsor received second money, Black Cloud third, and Headlight fourth money.

The 2:35 class trot had eight entries and six starters, Lewinski and Richmond being drawn. McCurdy's Hambletonian was a prime favorite before the start, but failed to maintain the high opinion of his backers, as a decided inclination to "come back" was developed after winning the first two heats. Monroe Chief won the second, third and fourth heats after a fine contest, and the charge that honest trotting cannot be witnessed as a rule, may be well set at rest, for each heat in both races were "driving ones" from wire to wire. McCurdy's Hambletonian won second, Champion Girl third, and Billy Yeazell the fourth money. Time, 2:34, 2:28, 2:27, 2:29, 2:29.

After the word was given to a good start in the first heat of the 2:25 race, an accident occurred, through which the most disastrous results were happily escaped. The rein of Ada Paul breaking caused her to swerve toward Monroe Chief, who at the moment was going lapped with Warrior. Though the sulkeys of each were wrecked, the drivers of the horses held pluckily on. The injuries inflicted were slight, the heat declared no heat, so far as they were concerned, and a fresh effort resulted in the victory of the Chicago stallion.

PENSIONERS ON PAIN.—Some people suffer for years with kidney or liver disorders, not knowing that Kidney-Wort can relieve and cure them. It strengthens the bowels, purifies the blood, drives out the pain, and renews the sufferer's life. Sold by druggists. (Adv.)

GUN FOR SALE.—One of the strongest shooting guns in America, 10-gauge, Daily make, and sold only because owner has no use for it. Has been used very little—so good as new. F. P. Taylor, 72 East Madison St., Chicago. (Adv.)

General Notes.

BASE BALL.

Luck always favors the fortunate. Providence is lucky. Chicago unfortunate. The White Stockings lost their playing skill, lost their captain, and have lost the champion pennant. Only a miracle can now secure it for them. Spiteful legislation strikes hardest from whence it came, and if Harry Wright couldn't sit with the nine, he has played a strong game from the grand stand he has always taken for perfect discipline, and united action. He is an organizer, a director, a man of business principles, and his club are his close followers. The Wrights are much alike in this respect, and they will probably not object to the Chicago club manager sitting with his own players as "Boss" and saying, "It might have been." We are sorry for our players. Next year we hope to win. We give herewith the record up to Sept. 15:

Clubs.	Providence	Boston	Chicago	Buffalo	Cincinnati	Cleveland	Syracuse	Troy	James won	Games played
Providence	4	7	6	7	7	10	10	51	74	
Boston	2	4	9	7	7	9	11	49	74	
Chicago	5	8	5	4	6	8	8	44	71	
Buffalo	6	3	3	5	8	5	0	39	68	
Cincinnati	2	4	8	1	5	8	9	37	69	
Cleveland	4	2	3	4	3	4	5	25	71	
Syracuse	2	3	1	3	4	7	2	23	70	
Troy	2	1	1	1	2	6	4	17	71	
Games lost	23	25	27	29	32	46	54	284		
Games to play	10	10	10	16	15	13	13	52		

ATHLETICS.

THE ASTLEY BELT.—The greatest contest of pedestrians' words and opinions ever tallied in a controversy over the oft-disputed Astley belt, has just been closed in New York, by the agreement of the disputants and the approval of Vanderbilt. O'Leary, Smith and Kelly, have been handsomely advanced the money that they would have made had this contest not taken place before theirs, and Hess will be manager as he has a full right to be. The men are all in training, the Garden is being prepared, Atkinson is now in America, and the people of two athletic-minded nations are anxiously awaiting the result. May everything be fair, and the belt be won by an American.

GENERALITIES.—The Stamford Athletic Club, of Stamford, Connecticut, will hold their Fall games on Thursday, October 2, 1879, at Woodside Park, Entries close Sept. 27. A. F. Scofield, Secretary, Stamford, Conn. O'Leary's Providence walk closed on Sept. 13. The prizes were awarded as follows: First, \$300 and the silver champion belt, to Frank H. Hart, of Boston; second, \$200, to Alfred Elsom, of Meriden, Conn.; third, \$100, to John Dobler, of Chicago, Ill.; fourth, \$75, to John P. Colston, of New York; fifth, \$50, to A. A. Mohr, of Brooklyn, N. Y. A pair of walking shoes was awarded to Robert Vint, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the trainer's prize of \$25 to D. F. Butler, of Philadelphia. The miles covered were, Hart 362, Elsom 352, Dobler 340, Colston 318, Mohr 312, Vint 297, Maguire 236, Reed 269, Millard 250, Armstrong 214, Butler 202, Albert 200. Germantown, Pa., has formed a Bicycle Club, Dr. Muller, president; Dillwyn Wister, vice-president; J. Pennell, secretary and treasurer; Warren H. Paley, captain; J. B. S. King and F. W. Corne, Jr. and Jr. sub-captains. The club has twelve charter members. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* carried off the best prizes in the reporters' four-hour race on the 13th. Chicago will be crowded with pedestrians this winter. Records are fast being lowered. Athletics are increasing in popular favor.

BILLIARDS.

SLOSSON'S CHALLENGE GOES BEGGING.—Champion Schaefer is on his dignity. He holds the championship of the country, and does not like to be dictated to. As he earned his title, and owns it, and by it is possessed of privileges, which it is his right, and pleasurable office, to enjoy, he is at liberty to concede favors, or to compel challenging aspirants to toe the mark, and comply with the regulations. Slosson is asking a favor, when he presses his request to have the game played in New York. There should be no friendship in business. It has broken many hearts and not a few banks. Let the right thing be done, at the right time, then there will be no "it might have been." If Slosson wishes to win the *champion* now held by Schaefer, let him earn it. If he secures it, he can proudly say, "I won it squarely, in a fair field and no favor." Geo. Slosson is a good fellow and has hosts of friends in Chicago. Let him come here and play. If he wins, then it will be because he is able, because he is the better player. Truly, this begging challenge goes begging.

THE TOURNAMENTS.—The Brunswick & Balke Co. cushion carom tournament, in Chicago, and H. W. Colender's tournaments at both the old and new games, in New York, will probably be set to date this week. The Pedestrian middle is now settled and the field is clear.

PRELIMINARY TOURNAMENT.—The young players who wish to make their *debut* as professionals in the billiard world, will have an opportunity in New York on Oct. 6, to play 600 point games, \$25 entrance fee; the first and second winner to have a place in Colender's tournaments, soon to follow.

LATEST NOTES.—T. F. Gallagher, the billiard player, is in the city on matters of turf importance. Harry Cole, of Chicago, ran 210 and "left" Schaefer, in a recent New York exhibition game of 200 points. The tournaments will all be dated, next week. Philadelphia billiard men think times are on the mend, and are re-covering their tables. Reno, Nevada, is having a tournament. The Chinese in San Francisco are adepts in handling their cues. "Dumpy" Rhines is growing aldermanic. Will Colender has entirely recovered, and the western bronze is slowly gliding his features. Frank Parker is a heavy weight champion both in sociability and gastronomical ability. Schaefer thinks the "rail" will finally be abolished. The English players are projecting an American tour. Sexton is recovering his form and play.

AQUATIC.

MATCHED AT LAST.—Hanlan and Courtney have finally agreed upon a race. The purse to be taken is the \$6,000 Hop Bitters prize; the distance is five miles; the water Chautauqua Lake, New York, and the time 3 to 6 p. m., October 8th, or the first clear day thereafter. Mr. Wm. Blake, of New York City, to be referee. N. A. A. O. rules to govern.

CLEVELAND YACHT RACE.—On Wednesday, Sept. 10, Commodore Gardner and Merchant got the Cleveland Yacht Club under way for their second regatta of 1879, in a good northeast breeze, at 10:30 a. m., and all got away in the following order: Unique, Lady Ida, Humming Bird, Camilla, Ida of Put-in-Bay, Nettie, Vixen, Silver Spray and Katie Walsh. The finishing time and prizes was as follows: 1st, Vixen, of Cleveland; 2d, Ida, of Put-in-Bay; 3d, Humming Bird, of Cleveland; 4th, Unique, of Cleveland; 5th, Lady Ida, of Cleveland; 6th, Silver Spray, of Cleveland. Prizes, \$11, \$9, \$7, \$5, \$3.

WATER NOTES.—The Chicago Yacht Club were forced to postpone their regatta from Sept. 13, to Sept. 20. Wind and rain interfered. Ed. Sill, of the Illinois C. N., won the tub race at Aurora, Ill., Sept. 13, and got as a prize a silver tub. Hanlan's representative in Australia has challenged Trickett to row for the championship of the world and \$10,000. The winner of the Trickett-Laycock race will probably be sent. At Norwich, Conn., Lee won from Ross and Bailey in a three mile scull race by half a length in 29 m., and 24 sec., excellent time. Elliott has challenged Hanlan and has been accepted. The race will probably be in January, 1880. Hanlan will spend the winter in England. Wallace Ross is thought to be crooked. Plasted and Gardour are matched for the 37th, in a three mile race at Toronto. The Chicago Yacht Club sails to-day.

CRICKET.

ENGLISH AND IRISH CRICKETERS.—The Gentlemen's game of cricket is receiving a wonderful impetus in America by the visit of the foreign teams. In this country as it has in the old, it will finally become the "gentlemen's game" as its associations are devoid of coarse influences and gambling advantages. Our visitors will polish us off very carefully of course. We do not play the game yet. We are only learning. Soon, we will cross the water and bring back with us the world's championship. We're done so in all other sports, why not in cricket? We welcome our visitors, however, and hope to learn much from their scientific play. They are the best "bats" but we carry off the honors in the field. We got our points when we learned to stop "daisy cutters" and to pick up "hot grounders."

The fashion of coloring butter is so universally approved, that dairymen naturally prefer a color which is reliable, uniform in action, harmless in all respects, and free from odor or flavor. Such is the Perfected Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., which is the most desirable article of the kind known. Adv.

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

"Herring is King."

[Founded on the two lines:

"Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in;"

of the song "Herring is King," in Horncastle's "Irish Entertainments."]

Let all the fish that swim the sea,
Salmon and turbot, cod and ling,
Bow down the head and bend the knee
To Herring their King, to Herring their King.
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

The sun sank down so round and red,
Upon the bay, upon the bay;
The sails shook idle overhead—
Becalmed we lay, becalmed we lay.
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

Till Shawn, the eagle, dropped on deck,
The bright-eyed boy, the bright-eyed boy,
Tis he has spied your silver track,
Herring our joy, Herring our joy!
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

'Twas in with the sails, and away to shore,
With the rise and swing, the rise and swing
Of two stout lads at each smoking oar,
After Herring our King, Herring our King.
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

The Manx and the Cornish raised the shout,
And joined the chase, and joined the chase;
But their fleets they fouled, as they went about,
And we won the race, we won the race.
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

For we turned and faced you full to land,
Down the golden long, the golden long,
And after you slipped from strand to strand,
Our nets so strong, our nets so strong.
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

Then we called to our sweethearts and our wives,
"Come, welcome us home, welcome us home!"
Till they ran to meet us for their lives,
Into the foam, into the foam!
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

Oh! the kissing of hands and waving of caps,
From girl and boy, from girl and boy;
While you leapt by scores in the lasses' laps,
Herring our joy, Herring our joy!
Sing, "Hugamar fein an sowra ling;"
"Tis we have brought the Summer in."

—The Spectator.

A New Fishery Association.

Fishcultivists and others living near the Great Lakes and Mississippi valley have long felt the need of an association which holding annual meetings would be a place where they could gather, recite their experiences, and discuss improvements and matters of interest to fish production and preservation. To all invitations to meet with the American Fishcultural Association, they have replied that the distance was so great and that the time and expense of a journey to New York each year was a heavy burden. They have now decided to form one of their own, and after consultation and consideration of the claims of St. Paul, St. Louis, Dubuque, Kansas City, Omaha, Detroit, Niles and Chicago, the majority favored the latter, as a second choice. The date being left to our selection, we chose October 1, as being a few days in advance of the expected arrival of the California salmon eggs sent by the U. S. Fish Commission, when many of the visitors might meet their consignments.

Our offer of a room for the meeting was accepted, and on the 8th inst. the following "call" was sent out to many persons interested:

DEAR SIR:—It is proposed to form an association in the interests of fish culture and fish preservation, to hold its periodical meetings at a point convenient for those residing in the basin of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi valley.

The first meeting will be held in Chicago, on Wednesday, October 1, at 10 a. m., at the office of the Chicago Field, No. 155 Dearborn street, and may continue for a day or two.

Papers on subjects within the scope of the association will be read, and discussions on such subjects will be in order.

Knowing the interest you take in this matter, we invite you to meet with us, and take part in the organization and deliberation of the society, and would be pleased to have you prepare a paper to be read at the meeting. Very respectfully,

A. Booth, Chicago, Ill.,
H. F. Douseman, Chicago, Ill.,
N. K. Fairbank, Chicago, Ill.,
J. C. Fisher, Coshocton, Ohio,
D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., Bay City, Mich.,
T. Garlick, M. D., Bedford, Ohio,
Wm. Griffith, Louisville, Ky.,
Geo. H. Jerome, Niles, Mich.,
A. J. Kellogg, Detroit, Mich.,
R. R. Livingston, Plattsmouth, Neb.,
D. B. Long, Eneworth, Kansas,
F. Mather, Newark, N. J.,
E. R. Miller, Richland, Mich.,
J. W. Milner, Waukegan, Ill.,
W. A. Myrster, Council Bluffs, Ia.,
A. Palmer, Roscoe, Wis.,
E. D. Potter, Toledo, Ohio,
W. A. Pratt, Elgin, Ill.,
John Reid, Lexington, Mo.,
B. F. Shaw, Anamosa, Iowa,
W. E. Sisty, Brookvale, Col.,
E. Sterling, M. D., Cleveland, O.,
R. O. Sweeney, St. Paul, Minn.,
W. Welch, Madison, Wis.

Correspondence previous to the meeting, and notices of papers to be read, may be addressed to Mr. Fred Mather, Newark, N. J.

The list contains the names of fish commissioners, fish-culturists, dealers and anglers; good men and true, and an instructive meeting may be expected. We would, however, call attention to the clause inviting intending members to read papers. Our experience in similar associations shows that all come to such meetings to learn, and really think they have nothing to impart, and are often astonished at the information which is drawn from them by a little questioning, which if it had been put in writing would do good far beyond the sound of their voices and for a long time after they had ceased to sound.

Nine times out of ten the man who does not know that he knows anything worth relating, and has only just come to learn what others have done, is chock full of fish knowledge or has been engaged in some experiments of great interest, to which all listen with attention.

There is plenty of room for the new association to work without at all detracting from the good influences of the old one, or drawing away its members, and, not only is this the case, but there is also room for such an association in the Southern States and another on the Pacific slope, which we hope will be formed before long.

Associations formed entirely of either commissioners or of practical fish-culturists have not thrived. The American Fishcultural Association weakened several times, and never was as strong as to-day after two years meeting in Fulton Market and getting the dealers to work with them, with a sprinkling of

anglers who were awake on fish preservation. The name was changed from "Fish-culturists" to "The Fish-cultural Association" to show this change, as now it takes in all questions connected with fishes, including their breeding, protection, habits, anatomical structure, food, and in fact—fish. No angler is the worse for knowing the habits of his game, how they breed, etc., nor is the breeder at all put back by knowing the structure and classification of the animals which he handles. Such knowledge broadens the views of each, and the day is past when a sneer at what is not understood will pass for wit. Should circumstances forbid a personal attendance and a paper be sent, it will be read by the secretary or other person selected, if the little words as well as the big ones are legibly written, therefore, personal absence need not deprive the meeting of your views or experience.

Since the call was issued the Palmer House has offered the free use of their splendid club room and favorable terms to those attending the meeting. This has been accepted, and so the Brethren will please gather at the Palmer House.

A Short Trip in the Adirondacks.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—We were stopping at John Moore's, at Lake Paradox, from whence John was to take us into the wilderness.

"I think, gentlemen," said John, "you would do well to stay here, the prospect for trout is not good, it is so dry, the streams are low, the springs are dried up, and the water so warm that it is as much as the trout can do to live. Here the bass fishing never was better, and you will save money besides."

"Hang the money!" said the Doctor, "I want to kill some trout, to get into the glorious old woods away from the haunts of man, to see nature as the Lord made it, to fill my soul with rapture at the grand scenery, to drink in the mountain air laden with the aroma of spruce and balsam; where the eagle —"

The Doctor stopped to laugh at John's comical expression of countenance.

"John, can't we take trout with a fly?"

"Well, if it would rain you might have some sport, but unless it does you will have to depend upon bait. You may possibly take a few with flies at early dawn and again at dusk. I can promise you enough to eat, more than this I can't say."

"John, how about deer?"

"Well, there are plenty of deer, and those who are good shots and ain't afraid of hard work tramping can get all the venison they want to eat."

"Any bears, John?"

"Yes."

"Any panthers?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it rather dangerous?"

"Yes, if you see any and get scared."

"When did you see one last, John?"

"Well, gentlemen, it's more than twelve years since I shot my last painter, but I heard one screech lately."

"Pshaw," said the Doctor, "that was our friend Will in one of his dreams trying to raise the triple echo on Paradox. John is ironing us Morrell; hear the old coon's quiet chuckle, how comical he looks trying to suppress a broad grin; I didn't think he had so much humor in him."

"He is full of it, Doctor, your speech just now woke him up, but he won't show much of it until he gets better acquainted. Rough as he looks, he is a gentleman, and you will be surprised at his good language."

You should have seen us load that buck-board. You would have supposed we were going to set up a store in the woods. The Doctor was determined we should not starve, trout or no trout.

We drove over the mountains twenty-five miles, to Boullards. This is the highest cleared land in the State, and here we learned that the Racket, Long Lake, Saranac, etc., were full of tourists, that the breams and moose ponds had been over-fished, and so we camped at Sand Pond. This pond is so handy and easy of access, that most parties pass it by. There are some fine trout in it; many two-pounders and an occasional three-pounder are taken from it.

How I love the camp life! Every minute, even the hard work of building camp and transferring traps and provisions has a charm, though every muscle in my body ached; and my hands were sore with cutting and carrying boughs for bedding. The Doctor was excused from work, as an invalid; The other gentleman was excused also, as the trout had not yet been caught for supper, and he was so eager to fish.

How good that supper was! We don't dine or sup artistically in the woods, but when you are near the doctor you come pretty near it.

Bill of fare, printed by the Doctor on a newspaper, and pinned to John's coat, in lieu of an apron:

FIRST COURSE.
Soup, St. Julian.
Made from Liebig's Beef Extract, a springling of salt, a dash of black pepper, and a lemon cut into dice, (wasn't it good?)

SECOND.
Broiled brook trout on toast, Tomato sauce.
THIRD.
Breakfast bacon fried crisp,
Potatoes, a la Saratoga. Potted meats.

FOURTH.
Patent cut smoked beef, Canned fruits, Pickled salmon.
(Fried bullhead for John). Pancakes.

FIFTH.
Bread and milk.
(John had found some strayed cows).

SIXTH.
Claret, Old Chestnut Grove, Pipes and tobacco.
John was hungry and the food tasted good; four different times he passed his pint tin cup for soup.

The bullhead he said beat the trout all hollow, and the soup was the best thing he had ever tasted in the woods, and we were not much behind John in stowing away the good things. The Doctor had been quite sick, completely prostrated by over-work, but was now rapidly convalescing. When we called for cheese, he said, "Why, you fellows ain't done yet? I have only commenced," but at length he cried enough, and proceeded to return thanks. "Lord, we thank thee for food and an appetite (and placing his hands on his growing rotundity) and capacity."

We found the fly-fishing poor enough, not over a dozen rewarding our best efforts, but with bait in deep water we took all we wanted to eat, returning all the small ones to their native element.

Our camp was situated in a swamp, and the Doctor advised moving. We stayed, however, four days, our young friend capturing the biggest trout, which weighed—no, we guessed it—about three pounds.

We had a delightful drive over the mountains to Mud-Pond, notwithstanding the woods were afire all around us, passed Clear-Pond, which is preserved. Arrived at Mud-Pond about noon. We found a log cabin pretty well filled with tourists; a capital good dinner and sour looks, because we preferred to camp rather than stay at what the proprietor called a comfortable hotel. Why this beautiful lake should be called Mud-Pond is past finding out; whoever named it had not much poetry in his soul. It is the most beautiful of all the Adirondack lakes, and lies high amidst the mountains and is clear as crystal. At the head rises Nippletop, 4,700 feet high, to the right Dix' Peaks,

4,600 feet, with a land slide a mile long and two hundred feet wide, which can be seen thirty miles away. To the left of Nippletop McIntire rises 4,900 feet, and still to the left and further off rises the majestic Mount Marcy, 5,300 feet above the level of Lake Champlain. This is the highest mountain in the state, and the ultima thule of all tramping tourists.

We built our camp on a beautiful island, and, as before, our young companion hurried off after trout, taking John with him, leaving the Doctor and myself to prepare camp and get supper ready. We made our bed of ferns, spruce and hemlock being scarce on the island. I found it took an awful lot of ferns to make a bed, so the Doctor and I made beds for ourselves only, got a fire going, and the kettle boiling. It was dark when the others returned, and they had to cut ferns by lantern light or sleep on the hard ground.

I had arranged with John to take me Jack-hunting for deer, and supposed it was so ordered, but our young friend wanted to go, and pouted considerably, so I told the Doctor that he and I would keep camp. They returned about midnight unsuccessful. It had rained all night and the next morning John said we should have a storm.

We went after deer and trout; we found the latter, but no deer, though we saw their tracks, which John said were six hours old. Returning to camp we breakfasted during a heavy dash of rain. The Doctor consulted John and decided we had better return to Paradox, as the threatened storm would last the week out. We had packed the wagon and were ready to start, when across the lake I saw a deer. It was very tempting, but our guns were packed away, and there is no telling how long a chase he would have led us. With regret we parted from the most beautiful spot I had ever seen. The ride home was pleasant, the rain having ceased. We made the mountains resound with our songs. "Yu-Pi-De" was repeated by each mountain echo. About six miles from Paradox one of the horses stumbled and broke the pole. The only wagon we could get was an old rickety hay wagon, behind which we hitched our own.

You should have heard the screams of laughter as we drove up to John's, from all the boarders who were on the piazza. We must have cut a ludicrous figure, one elevated on each corner of the hay-wagon, yelling "Yu-Pi-De" as if possessed.

The next morning we were to try the bass, bait was scarce and we tried to dig some worms, but found none. Walter, the hired-man, told us where we could get plenty.

Behind the house was an old cheese-box full! We were helping ourselves when the smiling face of Mr. Clark from an upper window protruded.

"I hope you succeed in finding worms, gentlemen, there ought to be some there, for I spent some time filling that box. Help yourselves."

We felt foolish enough, and I fed Walter to replace what we had taken, and the Doctor sent to Mr. Clark's room a half dozen of claret with his compliments.

This was the beginning of a very agreeable acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of California, whom I take this occasion to thank for many acts of courtesy. Mr. Clark had hooked an enormous pickerel the day before which had broken his tackle, and he was eager to again try his luck.

We all went fishing. John pulled ashore for a heavier anchor; the wind blowing quite hard he slipped on a root and in he went. "Hello, John, what are you after?" said Doctor.

"Trying for Mr. Clark's big pickerel," answered John, as he spouted water out of his mouth. Shortly after this his pipe became all stopped up. John said, "I'll clean you out presently, when I land this bass." He landed his three-pounder, dropped his pipe into the water in the boat, let it soak a minute, put the bowl in his mouth and gave a vigorous pull—it yielded—the nicotine popped down his throat like a shot from a pop-gun and with a somewhat choked look John said it was almost as good as a smoke. Nothing can apparently disturb his equanimity. The best guide in the woods, the most expert with a paddle, and sure death with a rifle, a man inured to every hardship and enduring any amount of fatigue or exposure without a murmur and never an oath. In one of our tramps John asked me to take the pack basket from his shoulders. It was all I could lift, at least one hundred and twenty pounds. I asked him if he ever carried a heavier load. "Yes," he said, "once my woman (his wife) was in the woods with me and was taken sick, I feared she would die; I knew she must have a doctor quickly; I hoisted her on top of my basket on my back and carried her eighteen miles to the upper works." (Deserted iron works.)

The bass fishing was splendid, and the great northern pickerel were biting viciously, the latter running up to thirty pounds, while the bass seldom weighed over four, though many larger ones were hooked, if not landed.

All the gentlemen from Schroon drive to Paradox to fish. The Doctor had lots of friends call who tried to coax him away from Moore's. He is a great favorite wherever he goes, and is as at home, a most genial gentleman, an enthusiastic angler, a successful physician and my especial friend.

The Doctor invited a dozen or more ladies and gentlemen from the large hotels at Schroon to come and picnic at Paradox and to dine with him in the evening at Moore's. Telling John to spread himself, to spare no expense, and to get every delicacy that could be had. I am not going to describe the party, the good time they had, nor the dinner. I only say turkey, venison, trout (one hundred and twenty went the way of all trout), lake trout, chickens, ducks, partridges, etc., were in abundance, and Mrs. Moore did the cooking. The Doctor was in his element, the six courses were served under his direction, in fine style. John presided in a "biled shirt," which notable occurrence I hereby record; he also exhibited the plan of a new house, which he will build this Fall at the foot of the lake, having one side facing the river and the other giving a fine view through the narrows into the upper lake. Before the dinner was concluded John's rooms for next Summer were nearly all engaged, for John and his wife somehow have the faculty of retaining their boarders season after season. There is no style there; the ladies wear blue flannel suits and the gentlemen rarely sport a "biled shirt."

I hope to take many trips into the Northwoods with the Doctor and have John as guide, often again to sit before John in his beautiful long lake boat, admiring his great skill with the paddle, his quaint, quiet humor and scarcely ever ceasing hum of his favorite song, "Time is fleeting, time is passing." This with the Doctor's lively sallies and good stories, on some of the mountain lakes of this delightful wilderness, make up the sum of perfect human happiness for a Summer's trip. And when the Doctor and I get too old to endure the fatigue of the wilderness, may you all have as fine a vision of sport, looking down the vista of the years past, and as good times as we have had.

I have camped with many parties in the wilderness, from seventeen down to being alone, and I have come to the conclusion that two are enough for one guide. With one more you require two boats, and one of the gentlemen has to do unwanted hard work rowing. A guide can serve two satisfactorily, but he cannot well serve three. Then again, there is always a choice of boats, the good-natured, easy good fellow has always to put up with the leaky old scow; with two gentlemen and guide they need never be separated, with more in a party you cannot avoid it. I will only add this, if there are more than two of you, take more guides. More anon.

T. S. M.

Capt. Babson's Report on the Fisheries.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald, writing from Halifax, September 1, says:

The United States steamship Kearsage, Commander Pickering, arrived here from Newfoundland at half-past ten this morning, after having called at a few places on her way. She left St. Johns on Wednesday afternoon. Collector Fitz J. Babson, of Gloucester, and Mr. Alfred Dwight Foster, with Mr. Trescott as clerk, the government commission of inquiry, which was on board, has concluded its examination of the fishery question, and nothing remains but to write the report. Just what the wording of the report of Captain Babson will be it is naturally difficult to say, as the Captain has hardly begun to consider it, or to marshal his results on paper. However, he has learned, he says, nothing that he did not know before, and his report will have only the value that personal verification always gives to an opinion. He found in Newfoundland, and everywhere else where he touched, that the feeling against American fishermen and their participation in the fisheries of provincial waters was, when stripped of all its verbal clothing, merely the world-old feeling of any class laborers against new labor saving machinery. The fishermen of the Dominion and Newfoundland are nettled by the American energy, and hence their resenting, even with the unreasoning temper of a mob, what they deem an interference, because their competitors in the race for wealth are far better fitted for the contest than themselves. In Newfoundland, more particularly, such a feeling is strengthened and abetted by the wishes of the richer class, or, rather, by those influential merchants who make a fortune out of the importunities of the fishermen, in supplying the shore fishermen—on credit—with supplies, and taking their pay at the end of the season in fish. The American practice of purchasing bait has caused these men, for the lure of the American ready money, to almost abandon their codfishing and devote their entire energies to catching bait. Such practice results in the trader, at the close of the season, being minus the value of the supplies advanced to the fishermen. Consequently a wealthy class of traders, men who make a double profit, first on the supplies advanced, and second on the fish in which they are paid, have thrown themselves into the opposition, and taken advantage of the discontent of the fishermen at the better equipments of their American competitors to foster the feeling that the Americans are damaging the fisheries, and to, in a measure, encourage open resistance to the Yankees. In short, said the Captain, all the privileges the Americans enjoy in Newfoundland waters is that of coming in to pay for bait, a merely commercial privilege, which is not a privilege included or touched upon by the treaty of Washington, for at Halifax commercial privileges were unanimously decided to be foreign to the treaty intentions, and were ruled out of consideration by the commissioners. And the Americans would be far better off if they could not avail themselves of this privilege, as it takes sometimes three weeks right out of the heart of the fishing season. The men spend their employer's money in a wasteful way, use up considerable rum and do themselves more damage than good. In regard to the troubles that have already arisen and are likely to arise in the future, the collector finds that the laws and the treaty are not understood by the colonial people, who think they are justified in any sort of resistance to Americans, an idea the residents of Newfoundland cannot help imbibing if they read such editorials and comments as Mr. Foster has collected from the newspapers of that island. The fact that an American captain drew his revolver and threatened to shoot any one who interfered with his seines in the Fortune Bay affair, and which seems to excite their ire in Newfoundland, is perfectly justifiable when you remember that it was mob law and mob violence he was confronting, a position in which any man is justified in drawing and using firearms. The fishermen of Fortune Bay did not understand their own laws, did not obey them (one of the depositions, said Mr. Foster, contains the fact that a Newfoundland fisherman had his nets down all Sunday), and were jealous that the Americans were proposing to use better seines and take what herring they pleased, as they had a perfect right to do. The Aspey Bay business was just such another affair. We have in these, indisputable cases that no amount of argument can overthrow, and all the investigation any commission Mr. Evans can appoint may undertake will only strengthen, what we claim and contend.

THE BAIT.

As regards the disappearance of the bait, which is sometimes spoken of, talk to any number of fishermen and each one will give you a different opinion, as no two of them hold the same idea; and the most of them are entirely ignorant of anything that bears upon the habits of the bait they are employed in fishing for. An old man at one of the coves visited exhibited a squid imbedded in the intestines of an ordinary jellyfish, and he thought that at least he had discovered how the squid are propagated. There is in this matter absolutely nothing to go by, except opinion, and that varies with each holder of one. Then again, because the mackerel were never so small as they are this year, it is complained that the American nets are destroying the fisheries, in the using of a smaller mesh than the Canadians do. But the mackerel never were in such numbers as they are this year. Is that also attributable to the size of the mesh? The question of the bearing that provincial laws may have on treaties is, of course, one for the lawyers to settle, but no one can doubt the issue, though the British "headland theory" is still strongly adhered to. (Whatever notions Secretary Evans may have in regard to the treaty, Captain Babson's report will have but one conclusion—that if the treaty is abrogated Americans and American fishermen and their interests will not suffer, and that any continuance upon the present preposterous financial basis would be not only utterly uncalled for by the facts, but most highly injudicious.)

Pearl Fishing in Ohio.

BY TEN BORE.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have just finished reading Mr. Fred Mather's compilation of newspaper extracts upon the subject of "Pearl Fishing in the Ohio," appearing in your issue of the 6th inst., and it would have done you good to have noticed the smiles and broad grins that no doubt went and came upon my naturally serene countenance, as the different stages of fresh-water pearl fishing were so correctly described. That pearl-fishing in an Ohio stream at this day and age of the world should have become a "recognized industry," when the product of such fisheries have in years past been proven so utterly worthless as pearls, is what makes me laugh. Truly, it has broken out in a new spot; another community are destined to have their dreams of wealth disturbed by the crashing fall of their "castles in the air," and have their labor for their pains.

My memory takes me back to the home of my boyhood, New Lisbon, Ohio, a quiet little monotonous town in Columbiana county, located in a beautiful valley upon the margin of Beaver Creek, and thirteen miles, more or less, from the Ohio River. It was fully twenty years ago that pearl fishing in Beaver Creek, quite a respectable stream with its massive mill-dams every mile or so, became all the rage. Many a day, in fact nearly every day, I can recollect that I hid my school books under our neighbor's cellar door, and bled me away in search of the pre-

clous pearl, which gem was not only sought for by school-boys, but by young men, middle-aged men and their fathers, whose locks the frosts of many Winters had whitened, even to the color of the gems they sought. The entire town was wild upon the subject of pearl fishing, nearly every man and boy in town improving his idle hours in murdering mussels and searching for pearls. With a convenient vial in our covetous pockets we waded in mud and slush, over rocks, logs, and partly buried brush, feeling with our toes for the mussel that contained what we were searching for. For months the fever raged and mussels by the thousand suffered death upon the altar of mammon, that the avaricious desires of their persecutors might be satisfied. With pantaloons rolled well above the knees, and sleeves well nigh to the shoulder, you might any day have counted from fifty to a hundred men and boys searching for mussels which, when found, met death without a murmur upon the nearest rock conspicuous above the water's surface. Perhaps a pearl, or several pearls, were found in a single shell, perhaps none at all; but when found they were seldom larger than ordinary squirrel shot, mostly smaller.

I can recollect as though yesterday the switchings this pearl "diver" received, as night after night he sought his parents' roof with his pants dangling and flopping about his legs like a militia captain's sword, and with shirt sleeves just as wet, administered by a stern father who failed to see any beauty in a fresh water pearl, and whose sole aim and object in life, so it seemed to me then, was to sell more dry goods than his neighbors further up town.

The search went on for months until communication was had with the world outside and then all at once the creek was deserted, some boldly put their "pearls" upon the market, but others whom I knew to have at least several ounces gathered, declared that they did not have a pearl, never did have a pearl and always had their opinion of the real value of these things. Then they would laugh. I can recollect that I succeeded in filling a two ounce vial, and after holding them for a year hoping for an advance in their value, I sold them to a man for fifteen cents, bottle and all. I did well! Certainly I did! Nine out of ten of us could not sell theirs for love nor money. Some could not give them away. Many, having a baby in the family, sealed up the bottle and gave the product of several months' hard labor to a youngster to slam about over the house. I have often thought of how well I did to sell my collection. I have often felt sorry for the man who bought me out, and wondered whether he bought my vial because he admired my pluck, or whether my father put up a job on me, furnishing the purchase money, just to get the matter off my mind, that it might concentrate itself upon something more practical.

I never saw such a stream for mussels as Beaver creek, and I presume those found in the Little Miami are the same old mussel, and the "pearls" found in them the same old things. Possessing no value twenty years ago, why they have become valuable today is what I cannot understand.

St. Louis, Mo.

Why the Bass are Scarce in Upper Mississippi.

ANAMOSA, IA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your issue of August 30, over the signature of Wapsiepincon I find the following:

"Fish Commissioner Shaw made two or three trips up and down the river and took all the young bass out for stocking inland streams, and we cannot get even one to eat of our own catching. The 'rocks' are deserted where we did once in a while pull out a fine black bass. Bring back our little basses, Mr. Shaw, please."

To this please let me say, that along the Mississippi river bottoms are very great numbers of ponds, sloughs and lakes, that in the spring are connected with each other and the main river. During spawning-time, which occurs while these waters are high and connected, many fish deposit their eggs there.

During the Summer the water gradually falls and these sloughs and ponds are cut off from each other and also from the main river; eventually a large proportion of them entirely dry up, leaving the young fish that have been hatched there, to certain death. From these sloughs I took in the Fall of 1876 over 1,500,000 native fish, 319,000 of them well distributed in other streams or waters and the balance put in the Mississippi. In the Fall of 1878 we took 3,290,000 from these sloughs, distributed 640,000 in other waters and put the balance in the Mississippi river.

The object of this work was to save and utilize the lives of these dying fish and as the sloughs from which they were taken afterwards dried up, as I know by personal observation, the Mississippi river was a clear gainer of three and three-quarter millions of fish, and those taken to other points were in no sense a loss to that river. I think I can suggest a reason why there are so few bass now in the river, and why there will soon be less, unless present practices are changed.

One of our Anamosa meat markets sold during April, May and June, 300 pounds of Mississippi river fish per week, or a total of 3,600 pounds, that were regularly sent here for sale by Mississippi river fishermen, these fish were full of spawn, and it is my opinion, based upon figures, that these fish caught just before and during spawning-time, contained not less than 5,000,000 eggs of the bass family; multiply these by the number of towns within 100 miles of the Mississippi river and you may begin to see why your "rocks" are deserted. These fish caught before spawning mean soft, slimy, filthy food and the utter annihilation of the fish, caught after, and in fine condition for food and sport, their millions of progeny will gather around the "rocks" until Wapsiepincon's heart will be made glad by their numbers.

I have written this in no captious spirit, but because I fear all the facts in the case have not been fully understood by your correspondent or by the public generally, and because I desire that they should be understood. I call upon Wapsiepincon, and all who desire good fishing, to help stop this destruction, and then with a small expense, save the fish from dying in the sloughs, and you will soon make the Mississippi what she is capable of being, one of the best fish streams on the face of the earth.

B. F. SHAW.

The Convivial Oyster.

"I may not wish to live in crowds, Miss Floy, but still I am not a oyster," said Miss Susan Nipper, evidently with the impression that the oyster is a sort of hermit, who delights in living in secluded spots, cut off from the society of his species. In this Miss Nipper was mistaken. The oyster not only is not fond of a lonely life, but he is, when you get well acquainted with him, one of the jolliest and most festive of animals. Even what little we can learn of the oyster in crowded cities goes to prove this. No one ever saw a secluded oyster in the city. They are always either embracing each other in big bushel baskets, hundreds of them together, or snuggling up to one another on a saloon counter under a great cake of ice. And it is the same in the country from which the oyster is supposed to hail—not the country of green fields and oak trees and fresh milk, but the country of sea-water and salt marshes and bays and inlets. There they lead the happiest sort of existence, having nothing to do but lie in bed and fatten and improve

generally without the slightest exertion until the Fall days come. These Fall days, however, bring danger to the nicely-fattened oyster. The 1st of September is to the oyster what Thanksgiving Day is to the turkey. There is no safety in the cool weather, and the oysters know it well. One of the great oyster centres of the city is at the foot of Broom Street, where a dozen or more boats, shaped very much like the miniature Noah's arks, are constantly moored to the wharfs, continually looking as if they were just about to sail, but never going. In these floating warehouses a very large oyster business is done all the year round, but more than twice as much in the Winter, of course, as in the Summer. A Times reporter boarded one of these stationary craft and had a talk with the skipper, Mr. J. W. Boyle, one of the largest oyster-dealers in New York. Mr. Boyle says that there is some demand for oysters all the year through, even in the middle of the Summer, but that at that season so many oyster-eaters are out of town and so many clams are eaten that the sales are limited compared with the Winter business. Oysters are just as good in the Summer as in the Winter, Mr. Boyle thinks, but there is something of a prejudice against them in hot weather. If they go through too many hands in the Summer, and become stale, they are, of course, likely to be bad; but if bought perfectly fresh, and used soon after leaving the water, they are just as palatable and as wholesome as in the coldest weather. The great oyster trade of this city has sprung up almost entirely within the last fifteen years, about 25,000 bushels of oysters being consumed in this city alone every day. Many of the oysters used here in the Summer come from the James, York, and Potomac rivers, after being planted in beds in Prince's Bay between February and May.

The sad fact has often been retold that there are no more saddle-rock oysters. The saddle-rock bed was exhausted long ago, and for some years all the larger oysters have been sold as saddle-rocks. Mr. Boyle is emphatic in pronouncing the blue points the best variety of oyster.—New York Times.

HABITS OF THE BUBALICHTHYS.—Marshall's Ferry, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—Did I tell you about the buffalo fish sucking? I don't mean sucking cows, but about the 1st of August they congregate about old logs, drift piles, and along the shore, when they can be heard for several feet sucking; some like a boy with a stick of molasses candy, hands and face all daubed up with it, and when he sucks it off his fingers the noise resembles these fish. They are perpendicular in the water when at work on the logs or scum, and place their mouths against the log and suck, the same as those in the Philadelphia aquarium when taking their food. Upon examining the logs the part under water I find completely covered with larvae animalculae, minute shells, etc. The food is so plenty on the logs that when they are hauled out of the water for sawing, a drove of domestic chickens fly up on them and pick away like they were picking up wheat. I have noticed bass feeding with the buffalo, and the boys get a spear, called here "gig," and go gigging for buffalo. I noticed in the last FIELD how a gar took in Mr. Robert's hand at the aquarium. I was told a few days ago by a friend that at the mouth of the Gasconade river some young men were bathing when one threw up his hands and cried out, "something has got me," and went under, and was not seen after. It was supposed to be an alligator gar, as several were seen near the place, some of them very large. Unlike the alligator, a noise in the water will not scare them, but they will frequently rush to the spot and grab at anything they can get. In a late issue of your paper I saw Dr. Coues' article on the white egret. I had a live one nearly a month. The second day after I got him he would eat pieces of rabbit thrown to him, and became tame immediately, in fact never seemed wild. He kept me busy scooping minnows, frogs, pollywogs, etc., for him. Sometimes he would fish for himself, but soon got used to being handled and would come close up to me. I would give him his live food in a bucket half filled with water; he would spear them all out and stand crouched upon the edge of the bucket for hours, watching in the water for more, and if a frog got out he would chase him around until he pinned him. There are several in sight across the river all the time; they wade up and down, now and then darting their long sharp bills after fish. They are mostly the large kind, the smaller ones are not so plenty here.

W. M. LOCKE.

THE FIRST BIENNIAL REPORT OF THE NEVADA COMMISSION.—This report for the years 1877-8, has lately come to hand. The commissioner, Mr. Parker, has had but a limited appropriation in the sum of \$1,000 to do his two years' work with, and consequently could not attempt to do work on a grand scale. Washoe Lake was stocked with "Sacramento river perch" and the "Schuykill river catfish," the favorites of Philadelphia. The Truckee, Carson and Humboldt rivers also got their share of twenty-five thousand yearling catfish of the Pennsylvania species taken from the Sacramento slough. The numerous dams for irrigating purposes interfere with the ascent of fish, and their numbers render the law requiring fish-ways to be built a dead letter. The report notices the prevalent use of giant powder, but having no appropriation to cover its detection, its suppression is impossible, it, however, gratifyingly records that the fragmentary remains of one Chinaman who was disintegrated by its premature explosion while using this unlawful mode of fishing, were found; and there is also a report that a young man lost a hand in the same manner, which is also cause of joy that would have been more complete had his head gone with it.

The railroad men cooked some whitefish eggs, sent to Professor Baird, in their care to keep them from frost, but there are hopes of another shipment as well as the introduction of eels and the German carp.

This with the hatching of the California salmon makes a very fair show for the young state with the little appropriation.

THE LATE SCARCITY OF FISH.—Fish have been scarce, and consequently high in price; at the seaboard this Summer, although they have been much more plentiful this month. Bluefish and Spanish mackerel in particular have been scarce, and sheephead quite rare. A scarcity could be better endured now when the lakes begin to send their fish to market than in the Summer when the sea is the main source of supply.

Two weeks ago a large lot of southern drum, *Pogonias chromis*, were caught off Long Island and sent to Mr. Blackford, but, although eaten to some extent at the South, no one would try them and they went to the oil factories at a cent a pound.

Concerning scarcity and high prices, the New York Times, always sound on fish questions, says: "High retail prices are disastrous to fishermen, and simply mean that they are not making living wages. When fish are only to be had in a few localities, one or two lucky snacks may do well, but the majority are not earning expenses. It looks, then, as if the season will be remembered as a hard one for our fishermen, if there are no benefits to be derived from the absence of such fish as are generally in use. It may, at least, direct attention to numerous other kinds of fish, which are among the tabooed. There are still to be found a whole lot of good fishes brought into the market, which could be utilized, but which stupid prejudice turns up its nose at. If the misfortune should arise that there should follow two or three scanty harvests of the fish most in vogue, we

should soon widen our acquaintance, and the fish which are given the go-by would be forcedly introduced to the public."

TROUT ON THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE BLUE RIDGE, VA.—In No. 3 of the current volume of the CHICAGO FIELD, a writer makes the following assertion: "It is a curious and not easily explained fact that the head waters of the streams east of the Blue Ridge of Virginia and Carolina contain naturally no speckled trout," etc.

This is an error. The writer has, at different seasons for the last thirty years, fished all the mountain streams on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge and tributary to the Rappahannock, which flow through the counties of Greene, Madison and Rappahannock, such as the Rapid-ann, Wughes and Hazel rivers, and found more or less trout in them all, and upon special inquiry he has not found the remotest tradition of the transfer of these fish from other streams. He has also fished several tributaries of the Potomac, all flowing from the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies, and in some of them had capital sport.

There is a stream called "Difficult," flowing from Virginia in to the Potomac, only eighteen miles above Washington City, which, twenty-five years ago, was noted for the size and excellence of its trout, and so from time immemorial with the Potomac in Maryland, nearly all of its tributaries near and north of Baltimore contain trout, and formerly in considerable number, notably the Green Spring Run.—Cincinnati Times.

Small Fry.

—Dog-fish have been very numerous on this coast the present season and have seriously interfered with both the trawl and line fishermen. The only way our fishermen can get even is to go dog-fishing. The dog-fish belongs to the shark family, and varies in length from one to five feet. It is found everywhere on the coast of North America, from the Delaware to Davis' Straits. The skin is used by cabinet-makers for bringing up and smoothing the surface of hard wood, and the liver furnishes a valuable oil. In the Provinces, the fish themselves are dried and fed to pigs in the Winter. The dog-fish is called the "scavenger of the sea." It assembles in large schools, and feeds upon the offal and garbage thrown down by the fishermen. It brings forth its young alive.—Belfast, Me., Republican Journal.

—A pleasure party up the river the other day were nearly frightened out of their boat by a large sturgeon leaping several feet out of water and falling back with a tremendous splash right alongside of the boat. Sturgeon were once quite plentiful in the Passaic, and it was not an unusual sight to see them taking a short airing in this manner, but of late they have almost entirely disappeared from this stream, probably on account of a dislike which all fish evince for water rendered impure with coal tar and kerosene oil refuse.—Newark, N. J., Call.

—T. B. Sanders is in from Susanville to-day, awaiting the arrival of some thousands of catfish from San Francisco. They are furnished by the California Fish Commissioners, free of charge, and will be placed in Susan river and Eel Lake. The fish will be immediately taken to their destination. They are about a year old and will undoubtedly stand the journey well, as some came up in ice not long ago, and revived when placed in water.—Reno, Cal., Gazette.

—DESECRATION.—English Angler (on Saturday evening)—"Anybody ever fish up here on a Sunday, mum?"

Scotch Landlady (in consternation)—"Hech, mon! ye'd be jail't."—Punch.

—It is hoped that the original American fishculturst, the venerable Dr. Garlick, will be present at the coming meeting at Chicago. He is quite feeble but his heart is still in the cause.

—The bluefish, whose absence has been lamented, struck in on the 3d in great schools, fat and hearty, and the fishermen report them plenty far out at sea.

—A little boy was asked: "What are the principal minerals in Nevada?" He replied, without the least hesitation: "Gold, silver and trout."

—Mackerel, which have been scarce all Summer, are now plentiful in Maine.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

St. Louis Kennel Club show, St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 8, 9 and 10. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. C. H. Turner, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 20.

International Bench Show, London, Ontario, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, 2, and 3. Chas. Lincoln, Supt.; W. C. L. Gill, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 15.

FIELD TRIALS.

National American Kennel Club's field trials, Nov. — J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., Sec'y.

The Poodle.

BY "WILDFOWLER," IN London Field.

The poodle was (and to a certain extent is still), the water spaniel par excellence of Continental shooters; but the fact that draining is carried on to an unlimited extent has necessarily curtailed considerably the use of water dogs of all species, including that of the poodle, and now the vast majority of poodles one may see are decidedly aptly ranked, in show catalogues, with the non-sporting division. Nevertheless, the poodle was originally, to all intents and purposes, and exclusively, a sporting dog, and to this day, in the fenny districts of the Continent, he may be seen in all his purity; and he is then a large and grand dog, not to be compared with the specimens which are now being bred to suit the requirements of the toy or companion market.

There are, therefore, two grand classes of modern poodles—one which is still strictly sporting, and one which should include performing, companion and toy poodles—and each of these two classes comprises several different types. Concerning the first category, it is very rare indeed to see a poodle used as a sporting dog in the British Islands (I have only seen one in the course of my experience), and we have therefore to refer to foreign writers for information on the subject, or go abroad to see the dogs at work. I have done both, and in the course of this paper will beg to submit the fruit of my gleanings in book lore and my own sporting experience concerning the poodle. Dr. Fitzinger, in his book "Der Hund und seine Racen," states that there are no less than six very distinct varieties of poodles, viz., der grosse Pudel, der mittlere Pudel, der kleine Pudel, der kleine Pintsch, der schnur Pudel and der Schaf-Pudel, besides other, but minor, varieties, produced by crossing.

The characteristics of the breeds he names, the eminent doctor states to be as follows:

Der grosse Pudel, or the great poodle, he says, originated in the northwest of Africa, probably in Morocco or Algeria. He is always larger than the largest-sized spaniel, which, however, he resembles in form. He is robust in build, and has a peculiarly thick and full covering of hair. His os occipitis is well pronounced, his head is round, his forehead is strongly arched, his

muzzle is short, high, and stumpy, his neck short and thick; his body is compact and cobby, his legs are comparatively short and strong, and he is more web-footed than any other breed. The hair over his body is long, thick, soft, woolly, and entirely curled, even over the face, and specially the mouth, where it forms a decided moustache. On the ears and tail the hair is more knotty and matted. Specimens of this breed are white, light liver, liver, light grey, dark grey, dark liver, or black. Sometimes the markings are peculiar, inasmuch that, on a light ground, great irregular dark grey, or black patches occur. When the dogs are liver-colored or black, there are white spots on their muzzles and throats, on the nape of their necks, on their breasts, bellies, feet, and tail. They are seldom cropped, but are almost invariably docked. The Italians call them *can barbone*; the French, *barbets* *grands barbets*, *barbetons caniches*; the English denominate them water-dogs, water-spaniels, finders, and poodles. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans appear to have known these dogs, and the old German authors of the middle ages do not mention them. In the sixteenth century they are, for the first time, mentioned by Conrad Gesner, who, in 1555, gives a description and illustration of these dogs. The great poodle is most easily trained, and his peculiar adaption for marsh work is not found in any such high degree in any other kind of dog.

His liveliness, attachment, and faithfulness, combined with his good temper, trust, and obedience, makes of him a thorough good companion. He always looks for his master, likes to please him, and is never tired of doing all he can to further that end. He is a splendid swimmer, and the best of water retrievers. He grasps everything, he is taught so readily that he is trained very quickly; hence he is a good performer in whatever pursuit his talents may be called into requisition.

Der mittlere Pudel, or medium-sized poodle, is only a variety of the great poodle. He has the same qualities and properties. Size is the only difference between them; he is sometimes a third, and sometimes only half, the size of his greater congener. There is no difference in their color or markings, and the mittlere Pudel is also docked.

In Italy, France, or England no difference is made between this variety and the great poodle; they go by the same name. This medium-sized poodle, however, was known to the Romans, although no writing mentions it; but on certain pictures on antiques, from the time of the Emperor Augustus (last century before Christ), his portrait is found. He was, not, however, known to the Germans of the middle ages. In many places he is used for finding truffles.

Der kleine Pudel, or little poodle. In this mongrel race the peculiarities of their ancestors are so pronounced that they are called "half bastards of pure crossing" (*sic*). They look like the medium-sized poodles, but are only half their size, and in make they are much lighter. Their heads are not so high, the muzzle is longer, the body slenderer, and the legs are comparatively thinner. The hair covering the body is long, fine, and soft; on body and legs more curled and more woolly; on head, ears and tail it is decidedly longer and more knotty, but silky. The tail is carried straight, and sometimes its tip turns slightly upwards. On the face the hair is long, specially about the mouth. The color is the same as for the previous classes.

The Italians call the kleine Pudel *barbino*, the French *petit barbet*, and the English *little barbet* (?).

Portraits of these dogs are also seen on antique monuments, but they are not mentioned in any German MSS. of the middle ages.

The little poodle is not pure, but a mongrel. He has, however, all the winsome qualities of the larger breeds. He is used as a lapdog by ladies, and can also be employed for finding truffles.

Der kleine Pintsch, or the little griffon (*aquaticus gryphus*). The peculiarities of this mixed race lead to the supposition that it is a product of a cross between the little poodle and the Pomernian (?). It has a long head, an arched forehead, a stumpy mouth, and very long hair on its body. In all other respects, and in color, it is like other poodles. They are called *barbets griffons* and *chiens Anglaise* by the French.

Der schnur Pudel (corded hair poodle) is of pure breed, but seems to be some variation of the large poodle, from which, however, he differs in his coat. His size is quite that of the large poodle, the length of his body being sometimes 3ft. (German), and in build, in all cases, he is very much like the large poodle. The characteristic feature of this breed is the peculiar nature of its coat, which is not only of great length, but which grows in a peculiar manner—i. e., the soft woolly hair does not hang down in ringlets or in curls, or in feather, but it comes down regularly in rows of straight cords, from the skull, from the middle line of the neck and of the back, and it hangs down on both sides of the head, neck, and body, sometimes 2ft. long, dragging on the ground, so that the legs are invisible. From the ears and tail the hair sometimes hangs to the length of 1½ft. Only the face, muzzle, and paws are clothed in shorter hair. Generally these dogs are white; rarely are black ones to be seen.

The origin of this dog has been a matter of discussion among savants, some saying that he came from Spain or Portugal, and others from Greece. His qualities are like those of the great poodle, but he is much more valued, simply because he is very rarely met with.

Der Schaf-Pudel or woolly-coated poodle. His similarity to the great poodle and the Calabrian (?) dog induces Dr. Fitzinger to think that it is a double bastard, as it is a perfect link between these two breeds. He has the hair of the first; but his size and general appearance are like those of the second. He has a less arched forehead, and shorter and smaller ears, than the great poodle; his body is more tucked up, he is higher on legs, and his hair more thinly curled on the neck and belly; it is longest on the ears and shortest in front of the legs. On other parts of his body and face his coat is very woolly. His color is generally white, and then sometimes he has a circle of bluish grey round the eyes, and the top of his nose is of a greyish or fleshy color. Other specimens are light liver or grey, ticked or spotted, sometimes, with patches of brown or black. This breed is generally found in the Campana of Rome. In English it is called Calabrian dog (?). They are a very favorite breed, because they are so faithful and companionable.

Besides the afore-mentioned breeds, the professor gives the description of sundry crosses of poodles with sheepdogs, Newfoundland, etc., but these lack interest, the crosses being decidedly removed and even doubtful, since in many cases they are purely supposititious, I have, therefore, only given at some length those details which are of interest.

So much, then, for the eminent German professor's opinions on the poodle. And now, what have the French authors to say about him? First of all comes M. Revoll. M. Revoll, who is considered a great authority on sporting matters in France, published, some years ago, a book on dogs, entitled "*Histoire Physiologique et Anecdote des Chiens de toutes les Races*," (E. Dentu, publisher, Paris) and in this work, page 188, M. Revoll classifies—and justly so, of course—the poodle with spaniels; but he seems to think that on this side of the channel we cultivate particularly the breed of poodles for sporting purposes; for he mentions them in a breath with water spaniels and cockers, and gives the name "poodle" actually in English! Now, I have done as much wild-fowl and other shooting as most men of my age; and I must ac-

knowledge that for one or two poodles that may be used by British wildfowl shooters, hundreds—nay, thousands perhaps—are used by their Continental confreres; and certainly in England the poodle is but little used in connection with that or any other branch of the art of fowling. In fact, one may say, as a very general rule, that the poodle in England is almost universally either a performing dog or a mere pet, or lap or companion dog, according to his size; but he is rarely employed as a sporting dog.

Not so in the vast marshes of the continent, and especially in those *marais* of the French departments of the Pas-de-Calais, Nord and Somme, in Belgium, in Holland, in Denmark, in Northern Germany, and in Russia, where night-decoying of ducks to the but is extensively practiced. As late back as January, 1873, an article of mine appeared in *Baily's Magazine*, entitled "Duck-decoying in Abbeville Marshes," wherein I related the performance of a celebrated poodle who accompanied a French hunter and myself on our expeditions. Without him half our birds would have been lost; and this will become apparent when I state that at least half the birds fired at are only winged or disabled, and thus, without a dog gifted with sense, nose, and pluck, it would be perfectly impossible for the shooters, in the dead of the night, to collect their game. This the poodle does with a rapidity and an intelligence which are simply unsurpassable. In short, he is so well adapted for that sort of work that, in French, his generic name *caniche* is directly derived from duck (*canard*). He is also called *chien canne*, which is quite as much a derivation; and in some districts where the ooze abounds, the name *barbet* is applied to him. This word *barbet* is evidently a diminutive for *barboteur* i. e., a "mud-lark"—a dog fond of paddling about in the mud.

For Summer work the sporting poodle on the Continent is invariably clipped from the middle of his back to his hocks, and the rest of his coat is simply trimmed; but the French and Dutch fowling have the strange habit of clipping him also over the face, in such a manner as to leave him very distinctly a moustache and imperiale, which "ornaments" give the dog a very comical and cunning appearance. I do not remember ever having seen a poodle that was not thus "adorned."

In Winter time, however, when severe frosts have set in, and long nights are to be spent at the hut or in a *bachot* (i. e., a flat-bottomed wildfowling punt), it would not do to have the dog's bodies partly bare; and, accordingly, from the end of the Summer all the sporting poodles in the fens are allowed to recover their Winter coats, so that by the time that their endurance is to be severely tested they are ready for all the inclemencies of the season.

In his Winter coat a sporting poodle is perfectly impervious to frost or wet, and will face the greatest hardships without so much as a shiver. This coat resembles to some extent sheep's wool in its texture, and in the smaller variety of the poodle—that used as lapdogs—when the little dogs' coats are clean and bright they look not unlike lambs; hence the French ladies call them *chiens moutons*. The large poodle's coat, however, is coarser in texture, and, if the dog is required as a companion, a great deal of grooming is necessary in order to keep him in presentable order. Revoll does not speak favorably of the poodle's appearance. "He is a short and stumpy dog," he declares, "coarse and ugly; his legs are disproportioned; he is apple-headed, and withal carries his head badly; his ears are too long and too large," etc. But he has evidently only seen curs, for this description does not apply to the poodle proper. The French author, however, grows enthusiastic when he speaks of the poodle's qualities; "He has an excellent nose; he is as faithful—as a poodle; he is intelligent enough to play cards or dominoes—and win! he is extremely active, and water seems to be his element." All this is correct enough; but when Revoll states, further on, that the poodle is probably descended from the land or the water spaniel, the question arises whether the compliment could not be reversed—and there we lose ourselves in fruitless speculation. Then, our author relates that, in the sixteenth century, poodles were used for duck shooting; but now, he says, they are simply transformed into *chiens savants*. Now, French writers are noted for their unquarable wish to appear witty, and their love of brilliancy is so great that they will even sacrifice truth if it has to give way to a pun. However, in the present case, Revoll, evidently, does not practically know what he writes about. There are certainly less poodles employed now for sporting purposes than there used to be, but there are still many so employed; and the difference between the number to be seen now and in past years arises simply from the fact that the majority of marshy lands are being reclaimed and cultivated, and, like Othello's, the poodle's occupation will soon be entirely gone, as well as that of our own breeds of water spaniels, if all marshy lands are to be drained. As regards poodles when considered as *chiens savants*, everybody knows that this breed is almost invariably chosen by tumblers or circus performers whenever they wish to train dogs for any peculiar tricks, and there are but few people who have not witnessed their extraordinary talents in that line. Revoll states that, in his youth, a certain poodle named Munto performed wonderful feats. He also says that in 1829 there were two poodles in London who played a game of *ecarte* with all the rapidity and skill of professional players. As regards that sort of thing, General Hutchinson, in his work on dog breaking, sixth edition, page 246, narrates what he himself saw performed by a Russian poodle in Paris. The dog told what o'clock it was, told fortunes, etc. . . . and there is an illustration, page 245, of a notorious poodle playing a game of dominoes. Several of these dogs have played cards well, and numberless tricks have been taught them. They are, in fact, the performing dogs of all public exhibitions.

To return now to foreign authors' opinions about the poodle, I find in a small book entitled "*Conseils aux Chasseurs*," by Charles Bemelmans, gamekeeper, page 102, a few lines relating to *barbets*. Strange to say, Bemelmans, who really ought to know better than even allude to the exploded idea, says that poodles are but mediocre *setting* dogs! Who ever saw a poodle on point? Evidently this author is all at sea there. He, however, testifies that poodles are extremely good retrievers, and very intelligent.

Another French author, the Viscount de la Neuville, in "*La Chasse au Chien d'Arret*," devotes a paragraph to poodles. He declares that they can be broken easily to do anything one likes, they are so clever and sensible. He says that the "poodle is not, strictly speaking, a setting dog" (which shows a better knowledge of the subject than Bemelmans exhibits, "but that he is excellent for retrieving in marshes or flushing marsh birds. He is, however, slow in his work, and easily put out of wind. The usual color is liver, but a smaller breed, called *petit barbet*, is black." So he says. But I have seen hard working poodles of as many varieties in size, form, and color as one might notice in all our breeds of spaniels, barring clumbers, put together. As regards color, I have seen black poodles, liver poodles, white poodles, and varieties of black-and-white and liver-and-white *ad libitum*. Concerning size, I have seen a Russian poodle quite as big as a large-sized retriever; and a sporting French or Belgian poodle not much bigger than a Sussex spaniel. In form, again, they vary greatly. Some have almost exactly the lines of the Irish water spaniel, and others were as broad as they were high; but they all had the same head, the same intelligent eye, and the same texture of coat, woolly and thick underneath, and hanging

in ringlets outwardly. The length of ear is also a remarkable feature in the poodle. As a rule it ought, when brought over the nose, to reach at least over the other ear.

As regards utility, personal experience, especially in sporting matters, goes a very long way, and I have myself seen poodles at work in Holland, in Belgium, and in France. In fact, throughout the Continent, wherever marshes are still to be found, the professional duck shooters use poodles. Why? Why, for two very good reasons; the first of which is that there are no other good breeds of water spaniels to be had there, for love or money, except in a few favored localities where British shooters have imported English and Irish water spaniels. The French and the Dutch have no spaniels proper. What they call *spagneuls de marais* (which expression, naturally enough, we would translate *verbatim* by "marsh spaniels," i. e., water spaniels), are simply setters which have been broken to marsh shooting. The few regular spaniels proper which are, now and then, to be met with on the Continent are of British descent, and, although they are greatly prized by those who own them, they are not placed by the professionals on a par with their native poodles. Now, as a matter of fact, a first-rate poodle, thoroughly experienced in his work, is not easy to beat, and the extraordinary intelligence these dogs display is well-nigh marvelous; but, nevertheless, those who have seen a good English water spaniel or a not-over-stubborn Irish ditto at work, will bear in mind that better work than theirs is not to be witnessed everywhere, and there the matter remains.

It is, however, chiefly in the retrieving part of his business that the poodle distinguishes himself. He is so patient and so indefatigable, and so sensible in his search for wounded or dead game, that, even in the face of the greatest difficulties, he succeeds. In this he is greatly encouraged by his native master, to whom a bird lost is perhaps the day's bread lost; and the dog seems to understand that all-piercing demand on his talents. One will often hear the *huttiers* of the northern coasts of the Continent say of their poodles that they won't come back without the dead or wounded birds; and this is perfectly correct. It is very, very rare indeed that a bird is lost. In this characteristic determination the Irish or the English water spaniel will join issue with the poodle, and, in fact, it seems a distinctive point in the breeds of water spaniels, that, when once they have seen a bird, or heard him, come down, they mean to have him, and will have him, too, by hook or by crook; and those marsh shooters who have seen their dogs repeatedly diving after wounded ducks or widgeons will testify that the performance is a treat.

The poodle never "sulks" in his retrieving. The fact is, retrieving seems to be to him quite a second nature. Evidently, he inherits it from a very long list of retrieving ancestors; for when yet quite a puppy, a poodle will deliberately pick up things and carry them to, or behind, his master. There is, therefore, no need of training him to retrieve. It comes to him as naturally as a duckling takes to water, and he never tires of it. Now, this is of paramount importance for the professional *huttier*, who kills his birds especially in the night, over his decoy ducks, and who therefore must rely implicitly upon his dog to collect the slain and wounded. This the dog does without being spoken to, and he generally concludes his search in the pool by a walk round the shores, in the reeds, for any stray wounded bird; and he is not content with walking there, but paddles in the reeds and grass slowly and carefully, and sniffs and listens now and then, for he knows by experience that some of the birds will dive and hold back under water until he has passed. If, therefore, he hears the slightest splash in the water he remains perfectly still, and watches for any further signs. Of course, all this shows good breaking—granted; but there is thought in it, too, and I verily believe that some sporting poodles have quite as much sense as their masters.

Respecting poodles for show purposes, I have often wondered why so few have ever made their appearance on the show benches. If beauty and utility combined are really considered a desideratum in show dogs, then I contend that a good, well-bred, working poodle is a most handsome and most useful animal, well worthy of competing, for instance, with the very ugly specimens of retriever proper which nowadays find their way in shows, especially in the curly-coated classes. And who could say nay to the judge who should award a prize to a handsome working poodle, entered either with retrievers or with water spaniels (according to the color of his coat)? for, is he not a retriever, and is he not a water spaniel; and, moreover, is he not, in the vast majority of cases, pure-bred? How many retrievers and water spaniels can boast of that much! Therefore, I beg to submit that the exhibition of poodles should be encouraged by all means. There is no more sagacious dog than the poodle, none more persevering in his work, none more affectionate to his master; and the true lines of his body are simply as perfect as can be. Then let poodles be rescued from the oblivion into which their breed seems to have fallen of late; and many a true sportsman will say Amen to that from the bottom of his heart, for, morally and physically, the poodle is the very emblem of what a dog, as man's help and companion, should be; and it is a great mistake to allow such a valuable breed to become extinct—as extinct it certainly will soon be, if no effort be made, and that very speedily too, to rescue it from that neglect and indifference which have allowed him almost to disappear from the face of the earth.

Dog Training—(Continued).

BY ONEIDA.

Your pup being now broken to come when called, and to stop and stand whenever or wherever ordered; the next thing to teach him is to drop to order, to hand and shot. Dropping to wing you will teach him later on when you introduce him to game. I firmly believe with Hutchinson, Herbert, and other good authorities, that the only right way to train a dog is always to train him to know the meaning of your orders, and to give to them prompt, implicit obedience, before ever he has seen or smelled a living head of game. Trained in this way, he will when taken on game for the first time, understand your word of command; and if he should flush an occasional bird, after drawing on it, in spite of your order "toho," he will know at once, when you punish him for his disobedience—that he is punished, not because he did not catch the bird, as he tried to do, but because he refused to point when ordered. In teaching your pup to "charge" to order, you should at first press him down gently yet firmly with your hand, getting him to lie in the proper position as near as possible. You are now only to continue this lesson till he has learned the meaning of the word "charge." When you are satisfied that he does so, again put on the cord. Holding fast the end of it in your hand, you will let him run around the yard for a few moments, and then say in a low tone, "charge," and if he does not drop instantly, jerk the cord sharply and repeat the order. Should he before dropping, start to come toward you, go up to him at once, take him by the collar, lead him back to where he was when he first received your order, and there make him drop. There is no occasion for you to speak loudly, get into a passion, or go up to him with your countenance as black as a thunder-gust. He is anxious to please you, but he thinks one place is as good to lie down as another. What you want is to get him to know at once that he is not to think about it at all, but only to

obey. Having stood over him a little time, give him the order "hold-up," showing him what this new order means by lifting him kindly on to his feet. Should he seem at all cowed, pat him and encourage him to run about. After a time, get hold of the end of the cord and repeat the order to "charge." Continue this lesson as above given day after day until your pup drops promptly to word. Your next step will be the dropping to hand, and, as it is a very important part of his education, should be taught most thoroughly. You have only to proceed as above directed, with the difference that when giving the order "charge" you first catch his eye, and then raise aloft quickly, your right hand and arm at the same moment you give the word. I forgot to state that after being dropped, whether to hand, shot, word or wing, a dog should never be allowed to rise or "hold-up," until he is ordered; no matter though you should walk out of his sight. You must now practice him in the yard at this dropping to word and hand, till he will always obey either order or sign.

See that he minds instantly. There must be no walking round as though he was looking for a soft place to drop on.

I will suppose that you have him now thoroughly drilled in these lessons, and that he drops immediately when you attract his attention and raise your hand. Now take him out into some quiet field and practice the lesson here. Keep at it till you can stop him by word or hand, even though he may be at full gallop. Don't think it unnecessary, for it is the very keystone of the arch of dog training. A dog once thoroughly trained to drop to hand, no matter how fast he may be going, immediately he sees the raised hand, is as completely under your control at the extreme end of his beat, as though he were close in at heel.

The next step is the training to drop to shot. Of course it is understood that while he was a small pup he has been taught to have no fear of a gun, or the sound of the report. If you can get one of the old style of muzzle loading, self-cocking revolvers, such as were formerly made by Allen & Co., you will have a more convenient tool, and can keep your breech-loader clean in its case. Load each barrel with a charge of powder, put on the caps, and with the check-cord attached to the dog's collar, to be ready for use if needed, and you are ready to proceed. Take him out into the field, and send him off with a kind word, a wave of the hand, and the command, "hie on." Let him gallop about for a little while, to run off the "wire edge," and then when he comes past you within twenty-five yards or thereabouts, point the pistol straight up into the air, and fire off a barrel. At the report, your dog will naturally look round to see where the sound came from, and seeing the well-known signal of your raised hand and arm, will drop. If he does not do so promptly, give him the order, "charge," when he will then drop. Let him lie there for at least ten minutes, and then, speaking kindly, tell him first to "hold up," and immediately on his rising, order him to come in. Pat him, keep him at heel awhile, and show him the pistol. Now send him off again, let him run for a time, and then fire again; always keeping your hand and arm up, till the dog goes down. Always insist on his coming in to heel when he is ordered to "hold up;" for it helps to keep him under control. Continue the pistol practice daily, and it will not be long ere he will drop promptly to shot.

You have now only to continue practicing this and all the previous lessons, and the more you practice him, the steadier he will be. That he may be perfect in all of them, vary them, making him drop now to the shot, and again to the hand and word. When he performs them all with unfailing precision and promptness he may be taken out with the gun on game. The first point he makes you must quietly get near him, and let him stand for a good long time, say ten minutes. If he offers to move check him with the word "Toho." When he is quiet on his point, walk quietly out on one side of him, flush the bird, and as it rises raise your hand and arm and say "charge." It is best to have hold of the cord, so that you can check him if he offers to give chase; but if his previous lessons have been well taught he will drop at the word. Keep him down a good while and then order him up, and send him off to find more game. When he next points proceed as before, only this time you are to fire at and kill the bird. At the crack of the gun down goes pup. Let him see by your manner that you are well pleased with him, but make him lie still while you load, and load as slowly as possible. When you are loaded, tell him to "hold up," and "come in," and take him up to the dead bird, not allowing him to touch it. Take it up, show it to him, and let him see you pocket it. Now send him off and keep repeating these lessons, shooting at about one-half the birds he points, and making him drop the moment you flush the game. Continue in this way till he has learned the one grand lesson, that he is to point the moment he winds a bird, and hold his point; and that he is always to drop when the bird rises whether you shoot or not.

In my next letter I shall tell you how to train him to retrieve; but you will make him far steadier on his points, if you hunt him his first season without requiring him to bring game.

(To be Continued.)

The Heat System—A Reply to Mr. Dew.

BRAINTREE, ENG.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Kindly allow me a small space in your paper for a few remarks on what Mr. Joseph H. Dew has said in reference to the American point system versus the English heats plan, as used by judges at field trials.

First, I may as well put him right as to the defect that he attributes to the heat system, but which really is no part of it whatever. He makes special mention of the injustice to those competitors who have entered more than one dog each in any stake run under this system, for the reason, he tells us, that they are compelled either to run out one of their own dogs, or else draw one, and this solely by reason of their dogs happening to be drawn together, during the running out of the stake. This is not the case, but I may fairly presume that he contracted this idea from what he saw in England at the Kennel Club Spring trials at Debden, but I can tell him that this was only a blunder, from neglect on the part of those managing these trials, as hitherto the owners have been "guarded," i. e., if at the "draw" two dogs belonging to the same owner come together, the last drawn is replaced and another dog drawn to make up the brace, and in the subsequent running they are guarded by arrangement.

It will thus be seen that this defect of which he complains is not inherent in the system, and therefore I think it will not be considered necessary for me to go through the long illustration he has given, to prove the unfairness of what does not exist. Now as to the chances of the draw. This seems to be the great "stumbling block," and it would really appear from the arguments advanced against it, as if it were a dead certainty that the second best dog in the stake would get run out by the winner of the stake, before he got down to the final tie.

With only a moment's consideration of this subject, it will be seen that the probability of the occurring in only an ordinary sized stake, is very remote. The laws of probabilities show that, even in a 16-dog stake, the chances are very greatly against those doing so.

Again, if but a little more time is given to the running out of the stake, competed for under the heat system, the second

prize must go to the second best dog in the stake, with the same certainty as is admitted the first prize does, to the absolute best dog in the stake.

The plan suggested by Glenwood meets the case.

Thus in the 16 dog stake:

FIRST ROUND.			
1 beat 2	9 beat 10		
3 beat 4	11 beat 12		
5 beat 6	13 beat 14		
7 beat 8	15 beat 16		
FIRST TIES.			
1 beat 3.	9 beat 11.		
5 beat 7.	13 beat 15.		
SECOND TIES.			
1 beat 5.	9 beat 13.		
Deciding trial, 1 beat 9 and wins first prize.			
Then to find second prize winner:			
2 beat 3.	2 beats 5 and win second prize.		
5 beat 9.			

Mr. Dew further adds, "The time and opportunities allowed the dogs by the heat system is often too limited."

By this word often he shows us that it is not a necessity in the working of the heat system; as sometimes, it is admitted by him in this sentence, they are long enough, and as the duration of the trial under the heat system of any brace of dogs is at the discretion of the judges, therefore the system is not at fault in this particular. He claims for the system a saving in time. Well, I must congratulate him on this discovery, as he certainly is the first I have heard of that has detected this quality. The general complaint has been that a lot of time is wasted in running out the "duffers."

The sentence reading thus: "The great advantage of the time of day is also most apparent to the practical sportsman, and, under the latitude and arbitrary discretion permitted the judging under the system, there is a wide field for favoritism or mistakes." The meaning of this sentence is not quite clear to me, especially the portion of it in Italics; however, as to the opening for favoritism, I think there is far less opportunity for this to have an influence in the awards than in any other system with which I am acquainted. With the heat system all the judges have to do is, to decide as to the relative merit of two dogs, working under the same circumstances, or as nearly the same as is possible to obtain them. No very difficult task for those conversant with the working of "setting" dogs, and far less so than with the other systems, that necessitate the judges forming and keeping, for purposes of comparison, a mental estimate of the merits of all the dogs in the stake, as evidenced by their running, and especially is the difficulty of this latter plan apparent when we know the trials of the various braces have taken place under different conditions, the importance of which, on the work done, cannot be correctly valued by those in charge of the awards. Again, it would be a very glaring thing for the judges to place a dog that had done the worst work during the trial of any brace, above the other dog. The spectators would be a sufficient check on such an act of favoritism as this, even if there was any desire to show unfairness. But when they have to consider each dog's capacities as compared with all the other dogs in the stake, why, it is not difficult to understand how that a favorite could be shielded from defeat, and without detection. The spotting system and the aggregate point system are open to this grave objection; the first-named is only an opinion formed, and that under conditions that are not equal, and the other is but a register of such opinion formed under the same disadvantages.

* A brace of dogs that by bad luck get bad ground to work on, suffer defeat under the spotting and the aggregate point system because they are credited with poor qualities, simply because no one can correctly gauge the influence on the work done, of the circumstance under which any brace of dogs have had to compete. Now, as before pointed out, this is obviated by the working of the heats plan. The best of each brace is found out by direct comparison under the same condition.

In arguing in favor of the American point system, I find he uses these words: "Recognizing the fact that our trials are for the purpose of developing and exhibiting the field qualities of our sporting dogs, and should be so managed that the best dog may win, the sacrifice of a few hours and the fatigue of a few more miles should not be considered."

Now it will be seen that he says the object in view is to find out the best dog; and I think no one will deny that the heat system places the best dog in the first position with more certainty than any other, and if a little time and fatigue is to count for nothing, as he suggests, and I fully agree with him, well, then, by the extension of the principle involved in the heat system, the second best is found out as before pointed out with the desired precision. The heat system, too, is such as any system of point judging is capable of being allied to it. There is no reason why the estimate should not be recorded in figures, of the qualities as evidenced by the dogs forming each brace, neither do I see any objection, indeed, I would, I should say, assist into further favor the heat system, to have each act estimated by a fixed code of points, upon the principle of judging known as the "Sleaford" system.

Just think of the opening for error that the aggregate point system admits of. Sometimes one point decides the position of a dog in the stake. One point has put a dog out of the prize list altogether. Now, the difficulty of forming such a nice calculation as to the merit exhibited is very great, especially when such numbers as 25 points represent perfection in any quality considered necessary in our setting dogs. Take, for instance, the capacity known as nose. Now, who is there that can so accurately gauge the condition under which "points" are obtained, so as to determine within one point out of 25 the degree of merit exhibited in this particular quality. The same argument applies to pace and style, etc. I will venture to say that, even if two really good judges, exercising the greatest care in estimating the capacities of the dogs forming the stake, were asked to return their estimates in figures, as is the case in the point system, independently, i. e. without previous consultation, that their totals would be found but very rarely to agree, and when such a little difference as one point often puts a dog out of the prize list, or reverses the position of prize winners, why, it will at once be seen that the position of the dogs, if decided by the aggregate positive points obtained, must be very "fluky," and therefore I maintain that any system that places or displaces dogs by the aggregate obtained when such total is arrived at by such doubtful calculations is far from satisfactory. I should much prefer a good judge giving me his opinion of the respective merits of the dogs than telling me what difference he found in their total of merit, as based on such misleading particulars.

Let those who support the aggregate system ask the judges officiating to estimate the dogs independently, and let them return their book to the secretary, without previous arrangement, and they would soon see that the system would not maintain the character for fairness that is now claimed for it. The system of points that records every act done during the trials would assist in showing to those not present, why one dog beat the other in their separate trials, but this must be applied each time the dogs go down, and that quite independent of the previous scores made by them. This plan would admit of the different circumstances under which each brace competed, being embraced in the working out of the score, and this is what I consider is necessary.

I trust Mr. Dew will not misinterpret this letter. It is not written simply in opposition to his views, but to show that the heat system has many things to recommend it, and that it is possible to use it with or without a satisfactory system of point judging, with great success. I was much pleased at the tone of Mr. Dew's letter. He anticipated that much could be said for the heat plan.

G. THORPE BARTRAM.

Repentance to Ten Bore.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your issue of Sept. 6th, "Ten Bore" goes off full cocked this time and gives me a broad side with both barrels, but not being full choked, and the distance so great, the shot scatters and does but little harm. In my article in your issue of Aug. 23d I presume I was too hasty in replying to "Ten Bore" as I did, but I was somewhat vexed at my ill luck in losing the pups, and when he gave me the instructions, after receiving them from you a few days previous, I wrote the article on the impulse of the moment, and—may be I went off half cocked myself; still, I may be excused for inferring that he "jumped at the conclusion" that I fed raw food, for he says (issue of 16th Aug.) "I believe all food given to bitches in whelp should be cooked," and then adds, "I would like 'Repentance' to try giving cooked food the next time, and if he succeeds in saving a little he can put me down for the promised brace of pups."

In his "full-cocked" article he says, "He (that's me) is not justified, nor do I think him competent, to decide which of us has pointed out the proper cause of treatment and management of a bitch in whelp, or immediately after whelping." I did not attempt to decide that question, but had I done so I am afraid "Ten Bore's" treatment would not have room, for about all it consisted of was "Areca Nut," which I do not believe in, and cooked food, which I fed, excepting the early morning dishes of milk I possibly gave the bitch. He further says: "In his re-hash of other men's views, etc." Now possibly, Mr. Editor, those views were as interesting to most of you readers as his was. They were from veteran dog breeders, and, if I mistake not, one of them has been connected with a sporting journal as Kennel editor; at least I am under that impression.

Through partial ignorance and considerable carelessness I lose a litter of pups, and am willing to own it, and ask for instructions to prevent future trouble. "Ten-bore" kindly touches "the sore spot" by ridiculing me for what was done, and could not then be helped, and attempts to give instructions which I do not believe in, or a part of them rather, and then because I insinuate as much, he goes for me without gloves. I am very sorry I have caused any hard feelings by "paining" Ten-bore, for I really had no such intentions. We have both been too hasty, and I think the majority of your readers do not care to read such nonsense. Although Ten-bore claims to have considerable knowledge about dogs, I am confident there is a great deal for us both to learn yet upon the subject; I know there is on my part, and the only redeeming qualities that some of our articles have had is to bring out other gentlemen's experience in the care and treatment of bitches and whelps. For my part I feel grateful for the same, and feel confident I shall never make the same mistake again; and if Ten-bore will "shake over the bloody chasm," I'll agree to present him with a pup from the next litter, providing the bitch has more than are already spoken for, and I can rear to proper age to ship, and also providing he will not give areca nut should it show symptoms of worms. REPENTANCE.

Rearing Puppies.

PEMBROKE, KY.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—As the above is a subject in which many persons are greatly interested, and as S. R. J. and others request that all who have had experience shall give it for the common good, I send mine for what it is worth.

During the last twenty years I have been located in various sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, and have raised pointers, hounds and setters, for my own and friends' use. Whenever practicable, I have followed the method commended by the last writer, from whom Repentance quotes, in your issue of 23th ult.

In two instances, pups, one pointer and one setter, were given sweet milk with corn bread crumbled in; both had distemper violently, although copperas was given about once in ten days. The setter recovered, but the pointer was left with chorea, and afterward killed. In no case that I can recall where pups have had plenty of buttermilk, bread, vegetables, table scraps, have they been made so ill by distemper as to lose more than a few meals.

Three Llewellyn pups were carried safely through distemper last Spring. One of them was quite sick, and for a day or two ate sparingly. Now, all three are as active as if they had never been touched by the disease.

The sulphate of iron is a fine tonic, and increases the contractile power of the bowels so as to insure the expulsion of the worm-germ, if any be deposited therein.

WARE.

P. S.—Your new heading adds materially to the appearance of the CHICAGO FIELD. Long may she wave, as now, over all competitors.

Heavy rain has fallen for the past two days. This is hard on birds, many of which are very late.

The Taylor—Malcolm Match.

RICHMOND, VA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your last issue Mr. Malcolm desires me to state our differences, and goes on to say there are no facts in the case that are not known to me.

I am sorry to tell Sir Henry that in this article his first fact is false. There is nothing more painful to me than to give a direct contradiction to a gentleman of his appearance, but as he has heaped upon me rather too liberally, and is pleased to assert that I am the only obstacle in the way of the hunt, I call upon him to stand forth, avow himself and prove the charge.

If he can make it out to the satisfaction of any one man in the country I will be content to be thought the worst man in it.

The facts which I desire unkenneled, and which Mr. Malcolm blinks, are these:

1st. In the CHICAGO FIELD, some months since, Mr. Malcolm states that I challenged the best dog in Maryland. I deny it. I never issued a challenge in my life.

2d. Jno. S. Wise told me that Mr. M. had hunted in the locality in question.

3rd. S. G. Atkins has seen his dog hunt there.

4th. In his letter to me 10th July, he says: "He can prove, if necessary, by drivers of wagons and by his friends who have been there with him every time 'Malcolm' was hunted in that locality." Now he denies it. I cannot recall the numberless trifles I have written (for I keep no copies), but I defy him to fix any such colorable charge of inconsistency against me as this.

I am not ripe enough to be plucked yet. Did you really think I was, Sir Henry?

T. F. TAYLOR.

P. S.—I write with reluctance, and hope this will close our correspondence forever.

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THE VALUE OF PEDIGREE.

For a number of years the owners and breeders of thoroughbred horses have appreciated the value of pedigree, and careful records of such have been kept. Following their example, later, the breeders and owners of trotters and cattle have recognized the importance of pedigrees, until now a colt or filly, and a bull or heifer without correct pedigrees are saleable only where the former is required for rough work and the latter by the butcher.

Not until 1874 was the value of pedigree in dogs appreciated. The importations which commenced that year and stimulated the establishing of bench shows and field trials first caused the owners of dogs to regard pedigree as of any value. Prior to that period, of so little consequence was it considered that many a man not only did not know the sire and dam of his dog, but the owners of them. A noticeable instance of such is the dog known as Paul Meade's Dash. Not only his sire and dam, but also his breeder remain in obscurity. Notwithstanding that some parties profess to know all the facts, the question never has been settled definitely, nor never will be, since those who could throw light on it are dead. In each instance the information has come second handed, and it is only necessary to note with what equal persistency conflicting stories are related to compel the necessity of taking all of them *con grano salis*.

Then a dog was a dog. With but few exceptions, so long as a dog was good in the field, it mattered little what his sire and dam were, whether pointer or setter, it was all the same, he was bred to. Breeding then receiving attention from a very few only it was but little understood, and the idea that Mr. Jones' dog and Mr. Smith's bitch could not have just as good dogs as themselves, solely because they were good in the field, was not to be tolerated. The question of a nick was never entertained, and he who would have suggested such a possibility would have only incurred the contempt of his fellows for his lack of common sense. So loose a state of things naturally led to such a haphazard style of breeding that mongrelism was the frequent result. But that we do not propose to touch on at length, and we mention it only as a preface to the object of showing the value of pedigree in the dog. The importations, with the establishment of bench shows and field trials caused the proper value of pedigree to be recognized, so much so that where it could be obtained every effort was made to secure it, and in some instances where it could not be got a fraudulent one was manufactured. Looking over some old papers a few days ago we came across a letter from a then prominent sportsman, written in the Fall of '74, in which he requested us to keep a look out for a lemon and white bitch with black eyes and black nose. "Never mind about pedigree," he wrote, "I can manufacture one as long as a liberty pole, and the fools who call themselves sportsmen won't know the difference." Unfortunately he was not the only one of his kidney, and many like him yet exist.

Purchasers of dogs require to exercise the utmost care in satisfying themselves that the representations of the breeding of those they purchase are correct. Every now and then occurrences come under our notice where the most bare-faced frauds have been committed, but are hushed up and kept from the public by the positive request of the duped, who adopt that method to effect restoration and to prevent their friends from knowing how badly they were bitten.

We often have to correct advertisements, and in some instances refuse to insert them, they showing errors and fraud on their face. Not long since a gentleman, whom we know to be honest in his intentions, sent us an advertisement advertising some puppies out of a bitch, a daughter of a daughter of Fairy and Pride of the Border. So soon as we read it we returned it to him, informing him that he was wrong, as there was not living a daughter of Fairy by Pride of the Border, Mr. Raymond, although most anxious, never having been able to raise a bitch puppy out of Fairy and Pride of the Border. In reply we learned that with the purchase of his bitch he had received the statement that she was out of a daughter of Pride of the border and Fairy. Investigation on the strength of our statement proved that the party from whom he got her had received the information when he purchased her, and so on until the clue was lost, and the responsibility for the fraud could not be placed on any one.

Since the Laveracks have come into popular notice, it is surprising the number there are of pure ones (!), and those crossed on them, notwithstanding we know how few there are which have been raised. Any fellow who owns a dropper or any other cur that he wants to sell, immediately claims it to be a Laverack. A few days ago we were invited to see a splendid Laverack a gentleman had just received. He was pure—pure as pure could be—so said his owner, when inviting us to call and see him. The dog was a black and tan setter, and most difficult was it for us to persuade his purchaser that there was nothing of the English setter about him, and what made the situation more disagreeable he was a present, and as the purest of Laveracks.

Such instances as we relate are more numerous than generally supposed, and the harm done through them must be very great.

It is therefore the duty of each one who is victimized by fraudulent pedigrees to ventilate the deception, and, in addition, seek legal redress for it.

It is in the first place obtaining money under false pretences, as it is a misrepresentation, and therefore there is a remedy in a criminal suit. In the second place, as incalculable damage can be done to a kennel there is redress in a civil action for damages. We will suppose a breeder has been breeding Pride of the Border—Fairy dogs on Lancaster—Dart bitches and crossing them again on the Rob Roy—Queen Mabs, and he desires to get in the Count Dick—Petrels or Dash III—Countess Vestas; a party represents himself to be the owner of a dog or brace of dogs of this very breeding; the dogs are purchased and bred to, but not being what they are represented to be, a mongrel strain is introduced into a promising kennel until the taint not only permeates it but extends to other kennels and ruin follows where success promised. Is it to be supposed exemplary damages for

the injury cannot be recovered if the individual be worth it, or in case of such not being the case criminal proceedings cannot be instituted for obtaining money under false pretences! To our mind there is no more doubt that such actions could be sustained in law than that they should be instituted.

So also with stud dogs. Any dog represented to be of different pedigree than he really is, should subject the owner to the just punishment and exposure his act deserves.

A case in point has just been decided in the English courts. Four years ago a Mr. Hopkins sold a Mr. Allsop a short-horn calf, representing a fraudulent pedigree. A short time since Mr. Allsop discovered the fraud and instituted suit for damages. The case was tried at the Gloucester assizes before Mr. Justice Hawkins, who rendered a decision giving Mr. Allsop damages to the amount of £750.

In these days of high-priced dogs and careful breeding it is well for both sellers and purchasers to note the result of this case, for there would be no trouble in recovering damages when a fraudulent pedigree could be proved.

THE ST. LOUIS SHOW.—Mr. Lincoln writes us that the entries received so far indicate that the St. Louis Kennel Club's show will be a great success. It will be remembered that the entries close on the 20th inst. Among the dogs entered are the following, by Mr. George Campbell, of Carter's Creek, Tenn. This is the first time they have been exhibited at a show. They are not intended for competition, being for exhibition only. The curiosity to see Champion Joe, Jr., and his dam, Buck Jr., is very great, and they of themselves will attract a great many visitors. They are as follows:

Champion Joe, Jr., color red, age 3½ years, by Champion Elcho, out of Buck, Jr.; winner of Champion Stake, Tennessee field trial at Nashville, 1877, and divided same stakes with Drake in 1878. Buck, Jr., dam of Champion Joe, Jr., color red, age 7 years, by Old Joe, out of Old Buck; winner of second money in Brace Stakes with Joe, Jr., at Tennessee trials at Nashville in 1877. Fannie, color white, age 3 years, by Light, out of Buck, Jr.; winner of second money in 18 months Puppy Stakes at Tennessee field trials in 1878. Kate II, color red, age 4 years, by Tom (winner of Champion and Brace Stakes at Memphis in 1875), out of Old Buck. Floss, color red (sister to Champion Joe, Jr.) age 2½ years, by Champion Elcho, out of Buck, Jr. Tom III, color red, age 18 months, by Joe, Jr., out of Kate II; winner of the Nursery Stakes in Tennessee field trials at Nashville 1878.

EXPERIMENTS ON A DOG.—A Washington special dispatch to the *Chicago Times* states that Dr. Steinberg reports to the national board of health the result of his experiments of yellow fever infection on two dogs, two cats, one monkey, two rabbits, three Guinea pigs, two geese and three chickens, by confining them on the infected bark John Welch, Jr., for two days. No effect was noticeable on any of the animals excepting one of the dogs, which, although returning from the ship apparently in good health, on the following day was taken down with a severe attack of fever lasting two days, during which the temperature reached 107 degrees, accompanied by wild delirium and followed by coma. The dog recovered, and it is the Doctor's intention of making more experiments so as to determine whether this attack of fever resulted from exposure to the yellow fever poison. It will be interesting to know positively whether dogs subjected to such exposure can be infected with the disease. The result of the present experiment gives good reason to suppose such to be the case. There are instances where dogs, the companions of children attacked with diphtheria and scarlet fever, having confined themselves in the sick patient's room, have exhibited all the symptoms of the disease and died.

PERSONAL.—Mr. S. H. Turrill has returned from a three weeks' prairie chicken shoot in the vicinity of Wisner, Neb. He reports having had grand sport. He could have, had he wished to, killed a hundred a day with ease. . . . Mr. F. B. Farnsworth returned to Washington last Saturday, after having had excellent prairie chicken shooting at Glidden, Iowa. . . . Mr. J. J. Soellenburg passed through the city last Saturday on his way home. He found all the prairie chickens he wanted to shoot, at Adair, Iowa. But what pleased him more is the fact that his Laverack setter, Thunder, covered himself with glory and converted a heretofore unbeliever in the imported dogs. . . . Mr. D. C. Sanborn, with his string of six youngsters, passed through the city on Tuesday last for his home. He shot in both Minnesota and Iowa and reports having found all the prairie chickens he wanted. The scent to the last was very bad in consequence of the excessive dry weather. . . . Mr. Lawrence Curtis and Mr. George H. Richards returned to Boston on Friday last. They found very little prairie chicken shooting on the Northern Pacific railroad, which was the route they took.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR QUININE.—Congress by removing the duty on quinine did not cheapen it as was expected; indeed, at one time the threats of the manufacturers to increase the price of it by temporarily stopping the manufacture of it, seemed in a fair way of being realized. At any rate the price remains the same. Under these circumstances it is gratifying to note that a substitute for it has been discovered in iodine. Several physicians, among whom is Dr. Wm. Anderson, speak very highly of its efficacy in intermittent fever. Of the compound tincture, Dr. Anderson gives to adults from twelve to fifteen minims freely diluted in sweetened water three times a day after meals, and for children from five to ten minims. Dr. Anderson's favorite prescription is tincture of iodine compound six drachms and syrup of acacia eighteen drachms in teaspoonful doses in a wineglass full of water three times a day, after eating.

A LIVELY RIDE.—It was a lively ride the owners of champion Drake and champion Nellie had over the Iowa prairies between Marcus and Storm Lake. The flushing of the bob-tail mule sinks into insignificance compared with that done by the untrained Iowa steeds. As flock after flock of prairie chickens went whirling past ahead of a cloud of dust the residents along the route of flight thought the millenium had arrived, but soon changed their minds and concluded it was a new style of hunting "chickens," horses having been substituted for dogs. It took two teams for that "chicken shoot"—one to go with and the other to return with. The first in a field trial would have soon put themselves out of the stakes by chasing; the latter would have won nothing, both style and gait counterbalancing excessive staunchness.

BEHIND THE DOG AND GUN.—In this issue we commence with Chapter I.—Among the Grouse—of the serial hunting story, "Behind the Dog and Gun," by Mr. T. S. Van Dyke. Chap. II. will be "On the Wing;" Chap. III., "Woodcock on the Mississippi Bottoms;" Chap. IV., "Some New Acquaintances;" Chap. V., "The Deer Drive and the Revenge of the Genius;" Chap. VI., "The Capture of the Muscallonge;" Chap. VII., "A Sniping Soiree;" Chap. VIII., "Woodcock Shooting at High Water;" Chap. IX., "Fin, Fur and Feather;" Chap. X., "Quail and Snipe;" Chap. XI., "An Old Fashioned Hunt;" Chap. XII.,

"Among the Ducks;" Chap. XIII., "Deer Stalking;" Chap. XIV., "The Bear Trail;" Chap. XV., "Conclusion." With each succeeding chapter the interest is increased.

DUCKS AND SNIPES.—The ducks and snipes have not put in an appearance in the vicinity of Chicago with the exception of an occasional stray bird. As night after night comes and goes and the promise of rain is dissipated by a bright sunrise in the morning, the heart of the local duck and snipe shooter grows sad, and he thinks of the far-off rice marshes of the northwest, and wishes he had the wings of a duck or the facility of transmission of a telegram that he might snuffilate space and circumvent time. The question now is, will it ever again rain?

FAMOUS SPORTSMEN.—We commence in this issue the first of a series of biographical sketches of prominent American sporting writers, of the past and present, by Will Wildwood. In every instance where obtainable a portrait will accompany the sketch, as with the one we publish this week—James Oakes—(Acorn).

THE KANSAS STATE ASSOCIATION.—The board of managers of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, finding three days will be too limited for the business to be transacted at the annual convention of the association, have added a fourth day. The days are October 8, 9, 10 and 11.

THE EXPOSITION.—The Inter-State Industrial Exposition now being held in this city is well worth a visit. A feature of it is the exhibition of fish, around the fountain in the center of the building.

REMIT.—If you owe us anything don't be remiss about remitting, but remit at once, as otherwise it compels us to be unremitting in recommitting to your memory your remissness in remitting.

INTERESTING.—"Among the Surveyors," by Archer, will be found interesting reading.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Salina, Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, Kansas City, Oct. 22, 23, and 25.

Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.

The Oldest Club in America—The Audubon Club.

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—As I see in the CHICAGO FIELD that there is some uncertainty as to the oldest sportsman's club in the United States, I thought it would be well to put upon record the origin of the three oldest clubs of Chicago, together with some sketches of them. It is very difficult to write with extreme accuracy about events that took place previous to a fire, extending a mile in width, and six miles in length, through the heart of our city, sweeping away in its course all of our public, and most of our private records, throwing one back almost upon memory alone, to write up what should be history now, but will be lost tradition soon, unless put upon paper. There is much remembered by the old settlers in

"Thoughts conceived but never penned,
Perishing unheard."

The Audubon was the pioneer club of the city, if not of the northwest; and in order to get at the date of its origin, and other matters connected with it, I have seen, or written to, nearly every member now living, that belonged to its organization. The following letter in reply to one written to him is from James Cochrane, Esq. (a brother of the Hon. John Cochrane, late member of Congress, from New York City, and a nephew of the late Garret Smith, of New York, a gentleman of finished culture, a close observer, and one of the best ornithologists, both theoretically and practically, residing upon this or any other continent). Mr. C. resides about twelve miles from the city, has been, like myself, an inveterate hunter and fisher, but we cannot now travel after snipe, and chickens, with the rapidity we used to. (So we take to writing.) The following is his letter which explains itself:

BLUE ISLAND, August 1, 1879.

MR. JOHN L. WILSON:—Dear Friend:—Your interesting letter of the 29th ult. is at hand. It was pleasant to have our old-time sporting days so graphically brought home to memory by one whose kind heart never permits him to overlook the companions of his early life, nor to forget the pleasures of a sportsman. Next to the pleasure of hearing from you was the gratification to me to learn that your health is again so good. In the early Summer of 1852 I called on Mrs. John J. Audubon at the Astor House, New York (the Audubons were old acquaintances of mine), and Mrs. Audubon urged me to purchase the unbound leaves of the beautiful work, lately burned, owned by the club of which you were a member (everything belonging to the club was burned in the Great Fire). I did so, and sent them through a New York publishing house to London to be bound—no house in our country binding in that style, at that time, so large a book. In the early Winter, or late Autumn, of the same year, I received them, the total cost being about \$1,000, or a little more. (Of the entire work to me.)

On my return to Chicago in the same year (1852), I proposed to your late brother Charles, Charles H. Walker, James Crow, the Ross Brothers, Howard Priestly, and John Link, to get up a club. George T. Abbey (the gunsmith) was also active and met with us. There was much difference of opinion as to the name of the club. A majority of those present wished to call it "The Sportsman's Club." Other names were suggested, and then I offered them the books, at cost, if they would call it "The Audubon Club." This was acceded to, and we organized in the office, corner of Lake and Franklin streets, jointly occupied by John Link and James Crow. The writer was chosen president, Charles L. Wilson secretary, John Link treasurer, and the other original members whose names I have given above were appointed an executive committee. We then drew up a subscription paper which, when signed, constituted the signer a member, on his paying \$25, which was to go toward remunerating me for the books. We got but few subscribers. I do not now remember the names of any who paid, except the officers already named. A few more signed, and met with us, but deferred payment, and it being a peculiarly hard financial time, we made no effort to push subscriptions, or payments, and it was thought best to return the books to me without breaking up our club. It was re-organized, and paid me \$325 for the books. You will perceive that when I owned the books there was no Audubon Club, and that they were purchased from me, and not from the Audubons. Historians make errors; Hume, Robertson and Gibbon are full of little errors, and why not we? I believe I have given you a correct *à la old* account of the formation of the Audubon Club; and if there is anything else I can do for you or it, please let me know, and I will most cheerfully respond. With much kind regard, and good feeling,

Truly Yours,

JAMES W. COCHRANE.

As will be seen, this was in the Fall of 1852. All of our specimens, comprising all, or nearly all, of the game birds of the world, that we had been gathering for well-nigh twenty years, and this, with all of our other books, were destroyed by the fire. The club was not a large one. Mr. James Crow drafted the first game law of the state. I append a list of its members, living and dead, as far as we can recollect. They were the pioneer sportsmen of Chicago; there may be some omissions:

Living—L. C. Huganin, James Steele, John H. Ross, Charles H. Walker, John L. Wilson, R. R. Clarke, James Cochrane, Col.

Wood, Daniel T. Elston, Samuel Johnston, Joseph Stockton, Wm. P. Johnson, J. V. LeMoine, John Link, George C. Walker, Thomas Stagg, James Crow, J. Ed. Wilkins, H. H. Yates, Theodore Cook.

Dead—T. J. Bronson, H. L. Blakeslee, Charles L. Wilson, Richard L. Wilson, George T. Abbey, Harry Milnard, Albert S. Evans, Thomas Andrews, George W. Gage.

In tracing up the officers of the club after its organization, I find that on January 1, 1858, J. Ed. Wilkins (British Consul) was elected president; A. S. Evans, treasurer; Howard Priestly, vice-president; Theodore Cook, secretary; George W. Gage, H. A. Blakeslee, John H. Ross, H. H. Yates, directors. In 1861, the Frank Forester and Prairie Clubs were amalgamated. March 14, 1876, the Audubon, Prairie, Kennicott, and Chicago Clubs were consolidated at the club rooms of the Audubon. Mr. C. L. Wilson, chairman of the committee to prepare a constitution, made its report, which was unanimously adopted. On motion to go into an election of officers, Charles Kern, Abner Price and Dr. N. Rowe, were appointed tellers, when the following officers were elected: President, S. H. Turrill; first vice-president, W. F. Milligan; second vice-president, Green Smith; secretary, J. J. Gillespie; treasurer, Charles Peacock; kennel manager, John H. Whitman. Directors, C. E. Waller, Abner Price, W. T. Johnson, C. E. Felton, F. A. Howe. And headquarters established at the Headquarters, and name retained of the old Audubon Club.

We had great trouble at an early day in getting the first game law through the legislature. The "Egyptians" (from the south part of the state) thought we wanted to get a law similar to the English law so that none but the few could shoot, when the very object of the law was that all could shoot in the proper season. As it was, we got the law through by exempting their third of the state. There was great difficulty in getting the railroads and express companies to refuse to carry game out of season. They, however, saw the wisdom of it, and acceded to the wishes of the people. I recollect that Mr. H. D. Colvin stated that their express company, the United States, had transported fifty tons of prairie chickens that season to foreign markets. These were caught in "rail pens" (similar to the way of catching wild turkeys,) mostly in Iowa. During the absence of my brother (Secretary of Legation), in London during the war, he wrote me the price of prairie chickens in that market during that time. They averaged as low as in Chicago. I sent him much wild game in the Fall of the year, wild turkeys, prairie chickens, quails, partridges, geese, ducks, rabbits, squirrels, venison, etc. Also shell oysters, carefully selected, and packed at Fulton Market, N. Y., which were distributed by himself and Mr. Adams (our Minister to England) among their friends, and were highly appreciated. I think this began the shell oyster trade, now assuming such gigantic proportions. At an early day "the Hoosiers" and "Suckers" used to bring up barrels of smoked prairie chickens breasts. These were prepared the same as "smoked beef," and used in the same way, although much superior. One season there was a strip of grass in Indiana extending many miles, along the Salem and New Albany railroad. It was estimated that twelve hundred dozen of prairie hens eggs were gathered in this strip of grass for market.

I have thus, Mr. Editor, traced up as far as possible the history of the earlier clubs of Chicago, and would say to the young members of those of the present day,

"Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day."

It would be well in this article, perhaps, to pay a passing tribute of respect to the memory of young Kennicott, of this county, who went to the Arctic regions under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, and Audubon Club, just before the war, to gather specimens and other material in the cause of science. He was granted every facility free of charge, by Governor-General Simpson, of Canada, and the Hudson Bay Company, and remained in that region some three years, gathering a vast amount of birds' eggs, small animals, snakes, etc., which are now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. What is singular, he never was far enough North to find a "red head's" nest. Although of canvas backs, golden eyes, blue bills, and other birds that breed nowhere this side of the Arctic circle, he found an abundance. Kane in his Arctic expedition mentions that ducks in the Spring of the year were flying still northward of any point reached by him, which confirmed him in the belief that there was an open Polar Sea, or passage, so recently discovered by the Norwegian navigator. Young Kennicott was a naturalist by nature, and of exceeding promise, and a most indefatigable worker. He was subsequently sent to explore Alaska, by the Government, and died there.

The Tolleston Club was organized in the Spring of 1871, and has a fine club house on the Little Calumet river, in Indiana, near Tolleston. Its grounds comprise some sixty acres, with a rented marsh of 2,000 acres. The club has every convenience for shooting and fishing for its members, and invited guests, and is composed of our best citizens, of various occupations, numbering in all some hundred members, "who never pull a trigger for pecuniary profit or wanton cruelty," and I believe do not indulge in that base of all clubs, "shooting for money," than which there is nothing more disgusting to a true sportsman. The earlier clubs individually or collectively never thought of such degradation, composed as they were of gentlemen that associated themselves together for recreation and amusement.

Having thus got through with the pedigree of the earlier clubs, permit me to take a slight glance at the hunting in and around Chicago from 1834 to 1852, a period of eighteen years before there was any club. Deer were very plentiful between Lake street and the Calumet river on the South, and Kinzie street and Grosse Point (South Evanston) on the North. We never went farther than the O'Plain river, at Riverside (ten miles) to obtain all the prairie chickens wanted, by taking one blind road out and another, a mile apart, coming in. Pelicans were very plenty in the Spring on the burnt prairie, and marching in single file at times from one pond hole to another, they looked as large as soldiers when the mirage was in proper shape. Wild pigeons swarmed over Chicago in countless millions from the middle of April till the middle of May, going south. The flight was generally, when still, about two gun shots in height and a quarter of a mile in width. When the wind blew strongly from the West it would sweep them over the lake, when they would fly close to the water and head against the wind, rising over the bank between the river and Madison street, this space being cultivated by the "garrison" in vegetables, corn, etc., and was surrounded by a common rail fence. The North side of the river was all timber and this was the first lee shore they could make, after being swept out to sea. They were then killed with poles and clubs, to satisfy the wants of every one, as they rose over the bank. Among the professional sportsmen of that day, were Brothers Hallam, rector of St. James Episcopal Church, and Hinton of the Baptist persuasion, both excellent shots (I shall have more to

say about them in another discourse), Doctors John T. Temple and Philip Maxwell (surgeon at the Garrison) represented the "physical" shootists, while Edward W. Casey represented the bar. I believe these were all the "professional" sportsmen of that day. But we used to have fun, pure and unalloyed, in those days. My first hunt on the "Calamink" was with Medor B. Beaubien, in October, 1834. I described it in the *Field and Stream*, in 1874. He is yet living, is chief of the Pottawatomies in Shawnee County, Kansas, and mayor of "Silver Lake," eight miles from Topeka. I think it would be advisable to drop down and see him this Winter, have a "talk" and renew my Indian, which is getting to be among the dead languages with me. I must "hold on" now, as I see I am beginning to talk like the garrulous honey-eater, in the game of "Avilude."

The editorial fraternity of that day were not celebrated for their sporting propensities, with the exception perhaps of Richard L. Wilson, who was acknowledged by all to be the best shot with a rifle, at a deer running, of his time, besides being a capital wing shot. John Wentworth's proclivities ran entirely in the military line. Being aid to Gov. Carlin, with the rank of Colonel, he devoted himself to that branch of amusement.

It was not while "Deacon" that Gov. Cross developed any great propensity for "shooting." But after the *Democratic Press* and *Tribune* were consolidated, and he became "Governor," he developed into an ardent sportsman, shooting at birds, and maiming his friends (he tattooed us beautifully with both barrels of No. 6 shot on Lake Horicon during the war, firing at a teal duck close to the water, and afterwards destroyed a valuable horse firing at prairie chickens. I described these hunts in the *Field and Stream*, in 1874 or '75. It is some consolation to know that he has loaned his "fusee," to Joseph Medill, Esq. (who is a member of the Tolleston Club) for the Fall duck shooting, and gone off to Utah and New Mexico, for what purpose I cannot divine. As "Joseph" shoots so wildly in "The Tribune," and is so apt to hurt his friends, the life insurance companies who have taken risks on the lives of the members of this club (it is said) have notified them that they must take out "extra hazardous" policies during "the season."

Andrew Shuman for many years showed no bloodthirsty disposition, but during the "war" he procured a gun also (as pigeons were thick about Evanston) and one day he came to us with his right shoulder kicked nearly out of the socket, bringing with him the instrument of torture, and accoutrements for examination. After a careful survey of the firearm, which appeared to be all right, the powder flask also denoting three drachms, the shot two ounces. On asking him if he did not dodge when he fired, he said "No," because he killed the woodpecker. We adjusted his ammunition, since which time we have heard no complaint.

The Audubon Club used to entertain all the foreigners that came west to shoot chickens, in the way of directing them to the best places, furnishing dogs, etc., usually some one of us going with them. Many of the officers of the British Army in Canada at that time, together with other Canadian gentlemen, used to come over for duck or chicken shooting in the Fall. In 1860 or '61 the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons (the British minister) came out. Long John (then mayor) introduced the party to the citizens from the balcony of the Richmond House. The spot the club had selected for the Prince to shoot over was at Dwight's, on the Chicago, Alton and Chicago Rail Road, about twenty miles south of Wilmington on the Kankakee river, where there was a boundless "sea of prairie. Headquarters were found at the mansion of the Messrs. Spencer, most genial and cultivated gentlemen and fine shots. Tents were put up at convenient distances apart on the prairie, and here methinks the Prince enjoyed himself in the hunting line, perhaps as well as he ever did, before or since. By the way, he was an excellent shot. "Bull Run Russell" (so called) was of the party, and in company with his friend Col. Foster, thought they would indulge in a little sport on Sunday. So they took the railroad and got off near Wilmington and banded away. Now Russell was the correspondent of the *London Times*, and in a communication to that paper had said, "that there was no law in this country that might not be broken with impunity." He had also commented severely on the conduct of the Union forces at Bull Run. Next day he was brought before D. W. Cobb, Esq., a justice of the peace at Wilmington, and fined three dollars and costs for breaking the Sabbath. Wilmington is largely settled by Scotch people. An old Scotchwoman on hearing that Russell had been arrested for shooting on Sunday, made her way to the justice office, and when Russell was fined and had paid it said to him, "Mr. Russell, if you had been at the kirk yesterday, where you should have been, you would have been here to-day." There was a young girl (Miss Eugenia) of the Spencer family stopping at my house, and she went down to assist in making the Prince comfortable. When she came back she brought all the pieces of soap that the Prince had used, as a souvenir, and divided it with the other girls. Perhaps she has some of it yet, although she is married and has a large family of children. I meant to have glanced at "holding on," and "bats," as a substitute for pigeons in trap shooting, but this article is already too long.

CALAMINK.

Hammerless Guns.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In a recent issue of the CHICAGO FIELD, your correspondent Almo, writing under the above heading, makes some remarks with which I agree; although I do not like him—at all think that the gun without hammers will be the gun of the future. With Almo, I was much surprised at Dog Whip's choosing a Birmingham in preference to a London-built gun. As to which may be the best hammerless action, I will not pretend to say, but further on I will give my reasons for thinking that all of them are very near being humbugs. There is not in Birmingham—with, perhaps, the exception of the Tolley Brothers—a maker who builds a high-class breech-loader. W. & C. Scott have made a reputation here through Bogardus, but their merits do not at all equal that reputation. W. W. Greener never built a really high-class gun, and I doubt his ability to do so. Of course, I do not speak of the mere shooting qualities, for a common musket barrel will shoot as well as the most expensive Damascus, if properly choke-bored. As to the quality of the work and the materials, there are many makers outside of London who make good, serviceable guns; but when you come to call them high-class guns, you are doing about as absurd a thing, as to claim that a tallow candle equals the sun in light-giving power. I know of but two makers whose work equals the best turned out in London. I refer to the Rigby's, of Dublin; and Pape, of New Castle-on-Tyne. I was much surprised that Dog Whip should think £45 a large price for a really fine gun, all the more, that he is an Englishman, and should know a little of what it costs to produce a high-class gun, and how small a margin there is for a paying profit. With regard to who may be the best of the London makers, I can only say, we each have our favorites; and I may only remark that between such as Grant, Purdy, Dougall, Boss, Lancaster and one or two others, there is very little to choose. And now a word on hammerless guns. In the first place, I claim that they will not be so durable as those with hammers. The reason for this is, that most of them are more complicated than a gun with

hammers. Now, complication means more parts, more points of friction, more rapid wear, and less durability. I further believe that a hammerless gun will give more misfires, because the very great advantage of the sweep of the hammer is lost. Secondly, I claim that hammerless guns are much more dangerous than others, as there is nothing to show when the gun is loaded and cocked. True, you may put in indicators to show this, but that means more complex machinery, more liability to get out of order, and above all a necessity for cutting away more of the action, which should be kept as solid as possible.

But there is still another objection to be urged against hammerless guns; and that is, that no matter how well made they may be, there is always a likelihood of gas caused by the exploding cap, penetrating backward through the plunge holes of the false breech, into the locks. We all know how destructive this gas is to iron and steel, even when the fulminate is of the best, and it is reasonable to think that from this cause the locks of hammerless guns cannot be expected to last long, when compared with those built with hammers. On the above grounds, I am forced to look upon the hammerless gun as a mistake, but we live in so progressive an age that it is very unsafe to predict the certain failure of any new invention. As to the time saved by using a hammerless gun as compared to one with hammers and good rebounding locks, I may say that it is but the fraction of a second; and the loss of that fraction will not once in a thousand times cause the loss of a shot.

In thus recording my opinion of these guns, it is but fair to myself to state that, though I have seen many of them—none of which I would own and use as a gift—I have never used one. What I have said above is said of the guns I have seen; and I do not claim that the objections to them I have named may not in future be fully overcome. Even were they all that is claimed for them, the hammerless guns are lacking in beauty to my eye; the absence of hammers giving them an unpleasantly unfinished look. But then this is a matter of personal taste, in which very few are found to agree. Finally, I most fully agree with Almo, that better guns are made here than are now usually made in Birmingham. I say usually, because a Birmingham maker could have a really fine gun built and put his name on it, if you made it an object for him to do so; but it is not of this gun, but the average trade gun, I speak. Of course, the best American guns have English forged barrels, but aside from this I think them far superior to Birmingham guns. Anyone who gets a gun of any of our well-known American makers will get a gun just what it is represented to be, in workmanship, materials, and shooting powers; and as to the choice of an action, each must suit himself.

I had intended to give my opinion of the hammerless guns before this, but had forgotten to do so, though I had received many private letters asking me what I thought of them. My thanks are due to "Almo" for putting me in mind of it now.

The new heading of the CHICAGO FIELD is a great improvement. ONEIDA.

Recoil With Short Cartridge Cases.

A correspondent to the *London Field* relates his experience with his new "Suredeath" Turner gun, with which he found the recoil less with short cartridge cases than with those which filled the chamber.

"My new Suredeath," he writes, "is made to take the longer cartridge case No. 12, 2½ in., instead of the ordinary case, which is 2¼ in. long, in order to allow of heavier charges for pigeon and wild owl shooting."

"Of course the primary trial was with the proper size, 2½ in. cases, and I had 3½ drs. and 1½ oz. shot. I had by me, however, a lot of the ordinary cases, such as I use with my old ordinary chambered gun, loaded with the extreme charge of about fifty-seven grains of the new Schultze powder and 1½ oz. No. 4. This charge is, of course, a twister, and when fired in the old gun there was a tolerably smart recoil. Well, I took some of these cartridges with me to try, although the cases were obviously too short for the new gun. After firing the proper cases with eminently satisfactory results, both as to pattern and penetration, I inserted two of the heavy charges, and naturally looked for the usual disturbance at the shoulder. What was my surprise, however, to find that there was scarcely any recoil at all, and this was the case with the rest of the heavily loaded short cases, the recoil in each case being markedly less than with the full-length cases loaded with 3½ drs. only."

"The question arises whether this absence of recoil is due to the vacant space left in the chamber between the top of the short cartridge case and the entrance to the true bore, and whether, if so, this may not show a possible mode of reducing recoil by some systematic adjustment of the chamber. I should add that, although there was no recoil, the force and penetration of the shot was in no degree (apparently) diminished, as the gun sent the No. 4 shot clean through a thickish powder canister at forty yards, while the patterns were excellent."

"Nearly the same thing had occurred the previous day. I was then trying 3 drs. of Schultze powder, and, though the patterns were splendid, the force was not enough. A gunmaker happened to come down with a lot of 45-guinea guns for trial, and he lent me two or three of his short 2½ in. cases loaded with 3½ drs. black. With these the gun scarcely shifted (in the direction of excessive recoil), while the pattern was very good, and the shot were driven clean through one side of a stiff canister and nearly through the other—the effect being equal, if not superior, to the pick of the set of 45-guinea trial guns which was tried at the same canister for a comparison. This shows that the space left in the chamber does not destroy the good shooting of the gun, while it certainly has a marked effect on the recoil—but why, or upon what principle, I am quite unable to say."

"I believe that the opening out of the lower part of the barrel near the breech is found to increase the power of penetration of a choke-bore gun. Is it possible that an extension of this same course of procedure would also reduce the recoil? The idea seems almost too good to be true, but this certainly seems to be only a natural deduction from the fact that a short case with a heavy charge has less recoil than a full-length case with a small charge."

[The explanation of the above appears to us simple enough. With the short case there is a considerable space for the escape of gas between the end of the case and the barrel, and consequently the recoil blow is diminished in proportion. At the same time the load of powder being originally too great, the escape is a benefit, as far as penetration is concerned; but probably the pattern was injured thereby, as it is always the case when the gas passes the wad, and enters among the pellets.—Ed.]

The Delaware Game Laws.

DELAWARE CITY.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Yes, we had from Delaware, the land next the cherry-chokers (N.J.), and mid pillars, the buck and gag and whipping posts; for all that, our citizens are prone to break the laws as sparks to fly upward; the grimness of the laws as seen mid as dark and frowning background, as portrayed by such instruments which speak loudly of the tortures of the dark ages, the horrors of which are still reserved for the man with the

pigmented skin, and the spark flies upward with not even a sizzle, sputter or little curl of smoke, to mark the course of a punctured conscience.

The game laws of Delaware effect the purpose for which they were made, and for the benefit of those who made them, our state legislators, nine-tenths of whom are farmers, and perhaps also sportsmen of leisure. In Delaware, the land-owner has the right by law to shoot game in and out of season. If he sees proper he can slay the hen-bird on her nest, and you dare not say law to him, or he at once constitutes himself all the officers and dignitaries of the land, without writ or parley, to confiscate your dog and gun, seize your person, or otherwise maltreat you.

Game laws, did I say? If so, I beg your pardon. We of Delaware are protected by the Pennsylvania game laws. Thanks to the Philadelphia sportsman's club. Market shooting, during the close season, is killed by striking, in the right place, the game dealer. A great majority of all marketed game from Delaware and New Jersey has been sold in Philadelphia to Messrs. Tevis & Browne, 408 Walnut st. In many cases twice the price has been paid for out-of-season game. As we all remember, this firm came within one of being stamped out, by the energy of a few sportsmen, and since game won't sell, a certain class shoot only in season. Pennsylvania has done us a good turn in this respect, and if she was only aware of it, she can do us another favor, by changing her quail close season to correspond with ours, so that Pennsylvania sportsmen cannot shoot quails in Delaware two weeks before Delawareans can. On the other hand, we have it in our power to often return favors to our Pennsylvania brethren; for instance, our mutual friend, Sim Lord, the jovial host of that solid summer retreat, the Pier House, at Port Penn, Del., entertains them shooting both in and out of season. Some of them are members of the aforesaid clubs. Consistency, thou art a jewel.

We started to speak of our game laws; we should have said, our farmers' beneficial laws. It amounts to this, that any man who owns a strip of land can shoot and kill at will and invite his friends to do so, to the exclusion and expulsion of all others, in and out of season. Should you wish to invite a friend from another state to a day's shoot, you must first pay five dollars for the privilege of his buying powder in Delaware, and then get permission from every farm owner whose grounds you walk over. Few farmers will refuse us privilege. They are very clever in that respect, but suppose they all refused, where would be the justice to sportsmen; and as it is now, what protection have we for the future preservation of our game? M. VON CULIN.

A NOT UNCOMMON DISAPPOINTMENT.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Like many others of the sporting fraternity, we became affected about the 15th of last month with our old mania, a tramp after the prairie grouse, and accordingly packed up our traps and left this city by the express train of the C. B. & Q. railroad for a small town about 130 miles southwest, in the vicinity of which place we hoped to find some fair shooting, but on our arrival, to our chagrin, we found that the open season had commenced some two weeks ahead of time, which was, to say the least, very disgusting—not only on account of spoiling our sport, but to find that the parties who had broken all law and order were some of the largest and most intelligent farmers, men who ought to set a good example. But there seemed to be a rivalry among them who should get the first pull at the young broods, and any stranger making his appearance was looked upon in the light of an intruder. I can assure you it made us feel sick at finding ourselves among such a crowd of pot-hunters. Two of these men shot for the market. The above was not the only mortification, for in our rambles after what few old birds and broken coveys there were left, we met several farm hands, lads in their teens, who, according to their account, had been doing good execution for some time, and what we saw of their shooting, were good wing shots. Now, what a poor chance all this points to for any future sport, for those who are able, only once during the season, to enjoy a few days of their favorite pastime. However, we made up our minds not to be bluffed off, thinking that by going ten or twelve miles farther into the interior of the country we might procure some fair sport; but no, it was the same old story, all seemed to own breech-loaders, and all shot, more or less, the year round. Now, what is the good of game laws, or any other laws, among such a rascally lot of heathens? Well, to make a long story short, we concluded that going chicken shooting had become a complete sell, and think some of selling out, in order to pay past expenses. We tried to introduce the CHICAGO FIELD, thinking it might have a salutary effect on at least the rising generation of Nimrods, but we believe the family Bible or any other good work, would stand as good a chance of being read. OLD SHOT.

DITTMAR POWDER.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—In the last issue appears a letter from Oil City, Pa., signed Bell Muzzle, condemning the Dittmar powder, without giving it a fair trial, for two out of every three of the said shells will burst, even with black powder, on being reloaded the second time. A gentleman from Wisconsin called in my store the other day with some number thirty-eight central fire shells, and I observed the heads all soldered on, and on inquiry I was informed that he had to do that to keep them from bursting or blowing the heads off. Now, Mr. Editor, if Bell Muzzle will follow the directions on every caulster of the Dittmar powder, and follow the directions and load accordingly, he will not have any more shells burst than using the black powder. Some years ago Mr. Dittmar did not make the powder as good nor as even as it is made now. The past year and a half I have been using it altogether for targeting my guns, and I have never found any difference in a can, yet, as I have said before, you must be careful in seating the wads, by pressing them carefully on the powder. Avoid ramming or pounding them. From the experience I have had, Bell Muzzle must have pounded the powder in his shells, which is the cause of all his trouble. JOSEPH BUTLER.

MEETING OF THE KANSAS STATE ASSOCIATION.—Salina, Kan.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Kansas State Sportsmen's Association meets in Salina, Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11, of this year. The board of managers has deemed it necessary to add one more day, as it will be impossible to complete the business in three days, as advertised. Donations have come in beyond expectations, many very liberal responses having been made by St. Louis, Chicago and Philadelphia. Salina has offered \$500 in gold to be contested for by state teams of ten. Illinois wants to get together ten of its crack amateurs, as Kansas thinks herself strong, but not enough to accept the challenge made by Mr. S. H. Turrill in your columns, for \$2,500 a side, open to the world. Everything looks flattering for a grand success. Programmes will be completed in a few days, when I will give you a detailed report. W. K.

NEVER SO INTERESTING AS NOW.—The number of the CHICAGO FIELD, issued on Saturday last, marked the commencement of the eleventh volume. The CHICAGO FIELD never was so beautifully got up or interesting as now. Its subscription bills, like those of all other periodicals, should be paid promptly in advance. It

is a small matter in itself, but the aggregate is the capital on which a publisher exclusively depends.—*Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph, Aug. 20.*

THE IRA A. PAINE GUN CLUB.—New Philadelphia, Ohio.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—We have organized a gun club here under the above name, which promises to bring out some good material in the shooting line. At our quarterly meeting we have elected for the ensuing year the following officers: President, S. J. McCartney; secretary and treasurer, Frederick Walters; executive committee, Eli Shull, Henry Bippus, Fred White. FEATHER FILLED.

MIDDLEBORO NOTES.—Middleboro, Mass.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Quail seem to be very plenty, and the ruffed grouse are more numerous than for years. Some few farms are preserved. Three farms, of 125 acres each, joining each other, have been preserved for two years, and the ruffed grouse are plenty there. I have permission to shoot over it. N. D. H.

WINNING GUNS.—Just received, a large invoice of Edwinson C. Green's improved breech loaders. Send stamp for illustrated price list and tables of the London Field gun trials to G. S. & A. HAYDEN, sole importers for the U. S., Jacksonville, Ill. Advt. 12-6-21.

Trap Shooting.

The Jacksonville Tournament.

FIRST COMPETITION OF THE "CENTRAL ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF FISH AND GAME."

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.
EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—At Jacksonville, Illinois, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12, occurred the first tournament of the Central Illinois Fish and Game Association; \$1,200 was given in prizes, and the meeting was a great success.

At 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, Sept. 9, the sportsmen met at the Park Hotel headquarters, with Geo. Hayden, as president, and Mr. J. V. Read as secretary, and their business was to organize the above-named society. The limits of the Association confines are marked by the following boundary lines: "From latitude 38 deg. 30 m. North to latitude 40 deg. 30 m., and from longitude 88 deg. to 91 deg. West from Greenwich." The committee on "laws" were Messrs. W. H. Barnes, of Jacksonville, D. G. Cunningham, of Delavan, and Charles McAninch, of Carrollton, reported the constitution (with a few changes) such as now governs the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. The rules for wing shooting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association were adopted, and Jacksonville was selected as the place for holding the next convention. Hon. W. H. Barnes was chosen president, by acclamation, J. Eckhard Hoffmann, of Jacksonville, was chosen secretary.

The following clubs enrolled themselves and paid their fees: Audubon Club, of Jacksonville; Brooklyn Club, of Jacksonville; Berlin Gun Club, of Berlin; Greene County Hunting and Fishing Club, of Carrollton; Tuscola Club, of Tuscola; Bluff Springs Club, of Bluff Springs, Cass county; Delavan Prairie Club, of Delavan; Mercedosa Hunting Club, of Mercedosa; Exeter Gun Club, of Exeter; Scott County Gun Club, of Winchester; Liberty Gun Club, of Morgan county; Enfield Club, of Jacksonville; Naples Club, of Naples; Flint Gun Club, of Valley City; Cascade Club, of New Berlin; Pike Gun Club, of Griggsville.

The president appointed as a board of directors: Geo. Hayden, of Audubon Club; Henry Flint, of Delavan Prairie Club; Henry Green, of Pike county; Charles McAninch, of Green county; Thomas P. Coultas, of Scott county.

The president appointed as a law committee, Messrs. D. G. Cunningham, of Delavan; J. V. Read, of Jacksonville, and G. W. Lee, of the New Berlin Club.

FIRST SHOOT.

The shooting began at 9 o'clock in the morning and the first shoot was for \$61.50, 15 single balls, 18 yards.

First Prize—One hundred pounds shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$9; twenty-five pounds Dead-shot Powder, donated by G. & A. Hayden, Jacksonville, agents, \$8; five hundred paper shells and 2,000 felt gun wads, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., \$8.50—\$25.50.

Second Prize—Five hundred paper shells, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., \$6.50; fifty pounds shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$1.50; twelve and one-half pounds Dead-shot powder, donated by the agents, G. & A. Hayden, \$4.

Third Prize—A fine jointed four-piece trout rod, donated by E. E. Eaton, Chicago, \$8; two thousand gun wads, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., \$2.

Fourth Prize—A pair of pure gum sportsmen's hip boots, donated by Geo. P. Holmes & Co., \$6.

Fifth Prize—A fine nickel-plated sportsman's alarm clock, donated by Sibley, Dudley & Co., Chicago, \$5.

There were 30 entries, and W. R. Morris, of Berlin, and Fred Kimble, of Peoria, tied on 15 balls; J. Stice, of the Audubon Club, J. Z. Scott and J. W. Scott, of the Liberty Gun Club, tied at 14; A. F. Happer, of the Berlin, C. E. Stock of the Peoria, H. Flint of the Delavan, W. Fisher of the Enfield, T. P. Coultas of the Scott county, W. Stepke of the Enfield, and J. Alderson of the Exeter Gun Club, tied on 13; H. Allen, T. B. Watts, D. Stice, V. M. Lincoln, T. J. Masterson, A. G. Smith, F. Robinson and L. V. Jaques tied on 12, and Baldwin, Charlie Baker and Wm. Benson, on 11 balls.

In the shoot-off for first prize, Fred Kimble broke 5 and W. R. Morris 3. The second prize was divided between Scott, Stice and Scott; C. F. Stock received the third prize. In the shoot-off for the fourth prize, Frank Robinson broke 5 straight and took the prize. Charlie Baker broke 4 and took the fifth prize. The

SECOND SHOOT.

was for \$119.50, and was a two-team shoot, open to any two members of any clubs of the association. All members of the Association were entitled to this shoot (in pairs), the team making the best score to win. Fifteen balls each, eighteen yards:

First prize—A fine double-barrel E. C. Green breech-loader, donated by G. & A. Hayden, Jacksonville.

Second prize—One hundred pounds of shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$9. Twenty-five pounds dead-shot powder, donated by the agents, G. & A. Hayden, Jacksonville, \$8. Five hundred paper shells and 2,000 wads, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., \$8.50—\$25.50.

Third prize—Five hundred paper shells and 2,000 wads, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., \$8.50. Fifty pounds of shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$4.50. Twelve and one-half pounds of dead-shot powder, donated by G. & A. Hayden, Jacksonville, \$4—\$17.

Fourth prize—Two camp chairs (one folding and one reclining), donated by Gilbert, Hubbard & Co., Chicago, \$7.

Fifth prize—Two hunters' coats, donated by Gould & Briggs, Chicago, \$5.

There were 26 teams entered, and for the first prize F. Kimble and C. F. Stock broke 28 balls, taking first prize; for the second prize A. C. Palmer and Arthur Smith, of the Audubon Club, made a score of 26; for the third prize Buchanan and T. C. Watts, of Berlin, made a total of 25; for the fourth prize J. Stice and J. Z. Scott, of the Liberty Club; Alderson and Sappington, of the Exeter Club; Taylor and Yates, of the Berlin, and Happer and Morris, of the Berlin Club, tied on 23. On the shoot-off Happer and Morris made 9, and won.

For the fifth prize Allen and Baldwin, of Mercedosa; Green and Simpkins, of Flint; Hoffman and Coe, of the Brooklyn Club, and Wiley and Lincoln, of the Peoria Club, tied at 22 balls. On the shoot-off Allen and Baldwin, of Mercedosa, made 8 and won.

THIRD SHOOT.

This was a team shoot of four members from any club of the Association, fifteen balls each, eighteen yards rise. No club was allowed to have more than one team in the shoot, and the winners were declared Champion Glass Ball Club of the Association for one year. Prize, a fine silver chased tilting pitcher and cups, donated by George Hayden, president of the Audubon Club. Value, \$25.

There were five teams entered as follows: Messrs. Yates, Morris, Happer and Taylor, of Berlin, 46 balls; Messrs. Lincoln, Stock, Kimble and Wiley, of Peoria, 53 balls; Messrs. A. C. Palmer, J. Stice, R. R. Chambers and Arthur Smith, of Jacksonville, 51 balls; Messrs. Charles Baker, Frank Baker, William Coe and Dr. C. Henry, of the Brooklyn Club, Jacksonville, 48 balls; Messrs. Cunningham, Watkins, Watts and Flint, of Delavan, 46 balls. The prize was awarded to the Peoria Shooting Club.

SECOND DAY.

THE FOURTH SHOOT.

was for \$164, 15 single balls, 18 yards rise. First Prize—A fine double-barrel breech-loading shot-gun, donated by E. C. Green, Cheltenham, England, \$75.

Second Prize—A fine E. C. Green breech-loader, donated by G. & A. Hayden, \$65.

Third Prize—One hundred pounds of shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$9. Five hundred paper shells, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., \$6; \$15.

Fourth Prize—An extra fine hunting coat, donated by E. C. Cook & Bro., Chicago, \$8.

Fifth Prize—A fine hunter's coat, donated by Udell, Schmieding & Co., St. Louis, \$6.

For this there were sixty-two entries. For first prize Charlie Baker, of Jacksonville, and W. R. Morris, of Berlin, tied on 15. In the shoot-off, each succeeded in breaking the entire five, and it was then divided, Baker paying Morris \$20 and taking the gun.

For second prize Arthur G. Smith, of Jacksonville, and F. W. Taylor, of Berlin, tied on 14, and divided the prize.

For third prize Masterson, Stice, Coe, Yates, F. Baker and Baldwin tied on 13; on the first shoot-off Masterson, Stice and Coe broke five balls each. The next shoot-off resulted in four balls each for Masterson and Stice and three for Coe. The third shoot-off, Masterson and Stice each scored five; but the fourth shoot-off decided it, as Masterson got three and J. R. Stice, of Jacksonville, five, which gave him third prize.

For fourth prize Messrs. Scott, Lee, Watts, J. T. King, Hoffmann, A. Scott, Morgan, Henry and Stice, tied on 12. On the first shoot-off J. Z. Scott scored 5 and A. J. Lee 5; their second shoot-off resulted similarly, and a third gave Scott a score of 3 and A. J. Lee 4, giving him the 4th prize.

For fifth prize Messrs. Britton, Benson, Watts, Jaques, Mason, Coultas, Anderson, T. B. Coultas, Stock, Happer, Flint, Stepke and Fisher, tied on 11. The first shoot-off gave Watts, Mason, Alderson and Stock 4 each and a second gave Alderson 3 and C. F. Stock, of Peoria, 5, securing the fifth prize.

THE FIFTH SHOOT.

10 balls, 186 yards rise.

First prize—An extra fine E. C. Green breech-loading shot-gun, donated by G. & A. Hayden, Jacksonville, \$75.

Second prize—A fine E. C. Green breech-loader, donated by G. & A. Hayden, \$65.

Third prize—Two hundred pounds shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$18. Five hundred paper shells, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., \$6.25—\$24.25.

Fourth prize—An improved double glass-ball trap, donated by the manufacturer, J. G. Mole, Batavia, Ill., \$11.

Fifth prize—Five hundred paper shells, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., \$6.25.

For this there were 64 entries. For first prize, Messrs. F. Baker, L. Yates, A. J. Lee and A. G. Smith tied on 10; 1st shoot-off gave Smith 4 and Baker 4, and the second gave Smith 2 and Frank Baker of Jacksonville 4, which gave him first prize.

For second prize, Messrs. Morgan, Watts, Fisher, Edwards, Charles Baker, Rippon, Jaques, Watkins, Goodwin and J. Z. Scott tied on 9 balls each, and the result of the first shoot-off was Morgan, Watts, C. Baker and J. Z. Scott, four each; second shoot-off gave Morgan and C. Baker five each, Watts, Fisher and J. Z. Scott four each; on the third shoot-off C. Baker scored three and Mr. Morgan five, which gave him the prize.

For third prize, Messrs. Coe, Robinson, A. C. Palmer, Simpkins, J. W. Scott, Cunningham, Britton, Burrows, A. Scott, A. Flint, Taylor and Morris tied on eight balls each. The first shoot-off gave Robinson, Cunningham, Britton, A. Scott and H. Flint five each, and the second gave each of the others four each, and H. Flint, of Delavan, five and the prize.

For the fourth prize there were fifteen ties on seven balls each, and the first shoot-off gave four each to Baldwin, J. Scott, R. R. Chambers, George Lee, Eads, E. C. Vickery, Dr. C. Henry, and five to Mr. D. Stice, who won the prize.

For the fifth prize there were eleven ties on six balls each, and the first shoot-off gave H. Allen, Coultas and Crawford four each, and J. T. King five and the prize.

THE SIXTH SHOOT.

Ten single balls each, 18 yards rise. The winner of this shoot to be declared the glass-ball champion of the Association for one year.

First Prize—A fine silver-chased tilting pitcher and cups donated by the Simmons Hardware Co., St. Louis, \$25.

For this shoot there were twenty-six entries, and Messrs. Frank Baker, Frank Robinson and Wm. Coe each broke ten balls; a shoot-off gave Baker 2, Robinson 2, and Wm. Coe, of Waverly, 5, who thereby becomes glass-ball champion of the Association for the year.

THE SEVENTH SHOOT.

was for \$123, 10 single birds, 21 yards rise. The winner of first prize in this shoot to be champion pigeon shot of the Association for one year.

First Prize—A splendid solid silver cup, donated by the Audubon Club, Jacksonville, Ill.

Second Prize—Eight twenty-five pound sacks chilled shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$20. One-quarter keg powder, donated by Hazard Powder Co., \$8. One box "Lady Clare" cigars, donated by B. Pyatt & Son, Jacksonville, \$6—\$34.

Third Prize—Eight twenty-five pound sacks shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$16. A fine pair of hunter's boots, donated by Johnson & Co., Jacksonville, \$6—\$22.

Fourth Prize—One hunter's coat, donated by Jos. Tomlinson, Jacksonville, \$6. One fine hunter's hat, donated by Goltz & Reed, Jacksonville, \$5—\$11.

Fifth Prize—Five hundred paper shells, donated by Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., \$6.

THE EIGHTH SHOOT.

was for \$107, 10 single birds, 21 yards rise.

First Prize—Hotel purse, donated by Capt. Alex. Smith, Park Hotel, \$20 in gold; eight twenty-five pound sacks shot, donated by the Chicago Shot Tower Co., \$16; four thousand gun wads, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., \$4. Total, \$40.

Second Prize—A fine silver chased triple vase, mounted with statue of hunter, donated by Dayton & Russell, Jacksonville, \$20; one barrel "Perfection" flour, donated by Fitzsimmons & Krider, Jacksonville, \$6; one box fine cigars, donated by J. H. Myers, Jacksonville, \$6. Total, \$32.

Third Prize—A fine saddle, donated by Bronson & Neal, Jacksonville, \$15; one box fine cigars, donated by H. H. Knollenberg, Jacksonville, \$6. Total, \$21.

Fourth Prize—One quarter keg of dead-shot powder, donated by Messrs. G. and A. Hayden, Jacksonville, \$8.

Fifth Prize—Five hundred paper shells, donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., \$6.

THIRD DAY.

THE SEVENTH SHOOT.

was at ten single birds, twenty-one yards rise, and thirty-six entries. For first prize Messrs. H. Allen, J. R. Stice, Dr. O. F. Britton, S. A. Tucker, E. Watkins and Dr. C. Henry tied on nine birds each, and on shoot-off the score five stood for Dr. Britton and five for Dr. Henry. Dr. Britton, with a magnanimity characteristic of his generous nature, donated his share in the elegant cup to Mrs. Henry.

For the second prize Messrs. T. B. Watts, J. Z. Scott, T. P. Coultas, T. B. Coultas, A. G. Smith and J. T. King tied on eight birds, and on the first shoot-off T. B. Coultas and A. G. Smith scored five each, necessitating a second shoot-off, which gave Coultas, of Winchester, the prize.

For the third prize Messrs. C. Baker, A. J. Lee, A. C. Palmer, F. Robinson, J. Sargent, W. R. Morris, W. Coe, Arthur Barrows, Powell and T. W. Taylor, tied on seven birds each, and the first shoot-off gave A. J. Lee, A. C. Palmer, Frank Robinson, W. Coe, and Barrows four each; on the second shoot-off A. J. Lee, of Berlin, scored three and third prize.

For fourth prize Messrs. D. G. Cunningham, W. Fisher, F. Baker, A. F. Happer, J. V. Read, H. R. Flint, Wm. Benson and Charlie Strawn tied on six birds. The first shoot-off gave Cunningham and Happer three each; the shoot-off gave Cunningham and Happer three each, which necessitated a third shoot-off, which gave D. G. Cunningham, of Delavan, three, and fourth prize.

For the fifth prize, Messrs. Clark, Morgan and Brierton tied on 5 birds each. The first shoot-off resulted in a second tie of four each; the second shoot-off Clark and Morgan tied; for three consecutive shoots Clark and Morgan tied, and on the fifth shoot-off S. T. Clark, of Delavan, killed his bird and won the fifth prize.

THE EIGHTH SHOOT.

There were forty-two entries, and among them some ten or twelve of the best shots. The excitement increased as in the first twenty-five men, a half dozen had tied on 9 each. The excitement, therefore, when Frank Baker had killed his nine birds, straight, was up to fever heat, and found vent in loud clapping of hands and cheering when his tenth bird dropped dead within a few yards of the trap. The excitement was no less intense when Mr. D. M. Simmons, the last man to shoot, killed his 9 birds straight. All was anxiety, but the tenth bird went off Scott-free, and Frank Baker was declared winner of the first prize.

For the second prize there were ten ties on 9 birds each, by Messrs. A. G. Smith, T. B. Coultas, Wm. Coe, C. Sappington, T. B. Watts, P. Clark, J. Sargent, T. Simpkins, T. J. Watts and D. M. Simmons. The first shoot-off of three balls each, at 31 yards rise, resulted in a tie for Coultas, Coe and T. J. Watts; the second shoot-off let Mr. Coe out on one bird, and the third shoot-off gave Coultas one and T. J. Watts two, and the second prize.

For the third prize Messrs. J. Stice, Partington, J. T. Scott, I. W. Baldwin, Charlie Baker and T. B. Coultas, had tied at eight each, and the result of the shoot-off gave J. Scott the third prize.

For the fourth prize Messrs. Carriel, S. A. Tucker, H. Allen, J. H. Stewart, W. F. Brown, E. Watkins, Dr. C. Henry, O. S. Green, H. Flint and D. H. Cunningham tied on seven birds. The first shoot-off gave Tucker 3, Flint 3, and Cunningham 3. The second gave the same result. The third, Cunningham missed one, leaving Tucker and Flint with three each, but on the fourth shoot-off, Flint missed his last bird, thus giving the prize to Dr. A. S. Tucker, of New York.

On account of the lateness of the hour, the shoot-off for the fifth prize was postponed until to-morrow morning. For this shoot-off, the contestants will be Messrs. Barrow, Masterson, A. J. Lee, Warren, E. C. Vickery and Husband.

Shoot of the Lee County Gun Club.

GRAND DETOUR, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The first Lee County Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot for the club badge last week. The weather was very fine, and as most all the sportsmen were busy, there were but few present to participate in the match. The birds were tame, but were exceptionally strong flyers. 10 single rises, 21 yards, \$2 entrance.

FIRST SHOOT.

George Steele . . . 11011 11111—9 Dr. J. Pankhurst . . . 10101 11111—8
J. O. Allen . . . 11101 11101—8 E. Bates . . . 11110 11111—9
Dr. N. C. Roe . . . 11111 00001—6 J. E. Bates (15 yrs.) . . . 10111 01011—7

Ties on 9, 26 yards.
Steele . . . 101—2 Allen . . . 011—2
Bates . . . 011—2
Second tie, 31 yards.
Steele . . . 101—2 Allen . . . 111—3
Bates . . . 101—2

Dr. N. C. Roe, after a hard struggle, captured the leather medal, presented by James E. Bates, who killed 7 to 6 for "Esculapius."

SECOND SHOOT.

10 birds, 21 yards rise, \$2 entrance.
J. O. Allen . . . 11111 11111—9 E. Bates . . . 11111 11110—9
George Steele . . . 11111 11111—10 N. C. Roe . . . 11111 11110—9
Dr. Pankhurst . . . 11111 11111—10

Ties on 10, 3 birds, 26 yards.
Pankhurst . . . 010—1 Steele . . . 110—2
Ties on 9, 3 birds, 29 yards.
Bates . . . 111—3 Roe . . . 101—2

THIRD SHOOT.

10 birds each, 21 yards rise, \$2 entrance.
Steele . . . 11111 11111—10 N. C. Roe . . . 11111 11111—10
Pankhurst . . . 11110 10101—7 J. O. Allen . . . 11011 10110—7
E. Bates . . . 11111 11011—9

First money divided; E. Bates second money.
Ties on 7 for third money, 26 yards.
Pankhurst . . . 111—3 Allen . . . 111—3
Second tie at 31 yards.
Pankhurst . . . 111—3 Allen . . . 110—2

FOURTH SHOOT.

10 birds, 21 yards, \$2 entrance.
Steele . . . 11011 10101—8 Bates . . . 10111 10111—8
Roe . . . 11101 11111—9 Allen . . . 11111 10111—10
Pankhurst . . . 11111 10111—9

Allen first money.
Ties on 9, 26 yards.
Roe . . . 111—3 Pankhurst . . . 111—3
Second tie at 31 yards.
Roe . . . 111—3 Pankhurst . . . 110—2
Ties on 8 for third money, 26 yards.
Steele . . . 111—3 Bates . . . 111—3
Second tie at 31 yards.
Steele . . . 100—1 Bates . . . 101—2

On the same day Pankhurst, Bates and Roe had a little glass ball match at 10 balls, two Bogardus traps, 21 yards.
Pankhurst . . . 11011 10111—8 Bates . . . 11101 11000—6
Bates . . . 11111 10111—9

Second glass ball shoot, same as above.
Pankhurst . . . 01011 01111—7 Bates . . . 11111 11111—10
Third glass ball shoot, 5 balls.
Bates . . . 11111—5 Pankhurst . . . 00111—3

This ended the day's sport. All were pleased, and were pleasant, all, we hope, will meet again under as bright a sky and as favorable circumstances.

Mr. John E. Graham accepts Mr. James Kerstatter's Challenge.

EMER, PA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your valuable paper of Saturday, the 13th inst., I noticed a challenge from James Kerstatter, of Beaver City, Pa., to shoot me three matches with shot-gun and rifle, for \$300 a side. Now as he won so much at Louisville, Ky., and I lost so much at Pittsburg, I will shoot him three matches as follows: Two with shot-gun and one with rifle, Erie Gun Club rules to govern. First, I will shoot him a match at 25 glass balls, 25 yards rise, from a revolving trap. Second, I will shoot him a 25 bird race, 25 yards rise, plunge trap—trap and handle match. Third, I will shoot him a match at 150 glass balls, with a 32 calibre rifle, eight yards rise, a la Carver style, and count the total score of the three matches, for \$300 a side; said shoot to come off at Erie, Pa., within 10 days. I have deposited \$50 with James Fitz Morris, of this city, well known among our sportsmen as a gentleman of responsibility. The other \$50 to be put up on the day of the shoot. I have "put up" and don't propose to "shut up" worth a cent, if he "does mean business."

Yours respectfully,
JOHN E. GRAHAM, Champion Rifle Shot.

LEADVILLE, COLORADO.—Editor Chicago Field:—I send you the score of the first bird match shot in Leadville, and before this there was not a pigeon within 100 miles of Leadville. Number of birds were let loose to breed. Parties who lost money on Crawford, squealed because he lost his last bird. But he had lost the match before this, even if he had killed his last bird, which was a very bad bird to shoot at, being an unsteady wiggling incomer. After Crawford had lost his last bird, Junior told the scorer he could score Crawford's forty-third bird dead, as the last bird was lost.

The score stood as follows:
Junior . . . 11111 11101 10101 11111 11111 11111 10111 11111 11111
11101—44.
Crawford . . . 11110 11111 11110 11111 11111 11011 11101 11011 11011
11110—43.
QUARTZ.

EUREKA GUN CLUB BADGE.—Our Sioux City, Iowa, correspondent writes that at a special meeting of the Eureka Gun Club, the board of managers were instructed to procure a champion badge to be shot for September 22, the winner to be subject to challenge from members, and if holding it for one year the badge to become his personal property. A very handsome badge in the shape of a gun has been procured, and may be seen at the office of Geo. Pitts, the president of the club.

SOUTH END AND CHICAGO SHOOTING CLUBS.—The Chicago and South-End Shooting clubs will meet Wednesday, 24th inst., on the grounds, Fifty-seventh and Ellis avenue, to contest their shooting qualities. This match being the third, the first won by South-End and the second by Chicago. To begin at 1 p. m. Afterwards sweepstakes shooting.

WILD PIGEONS.—A fair supply on hand. Order at once, as the catching will cease early in October.
E. T. MARTIN, 79 Clark St., Chicago.—(Adv.) 12-6-2.

THE MAINE TOURNAMENT.—The Maine State Tournament will be held at Lewiston, next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 24, 25 and 26.

Rifle.

The Geo. H. Thomas Rifle Club at the Kane County Fair.

ELGIN, Kane Co., Ill.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—At the reunion in Aurora, the Geo. H. Thomas Rifle Club received a pressing invitation from the secretary of the Kane County Agricultural Society, to be present at and participate in a rifle tournament to be held at Elgin, Sept. 9, 10, 11 and 12, 1879. They were told that there would be teams from Batavia, Elgin and other points, and a list of prizes of silver ware, watches, etc. As the Thomas Club has for one of its objects the development of the rifle interest and organization of rifle clubs for social intercourse and protection in case of need in the State of Illinois, they concluded to accept the invitation, and accordingly sent two of their members to Elgin to make all the necessary arrangements, and the team was to follow in the next train. The committee on their arrival at once reported to the secretary and was very courteously received by him, and on their making inquiries as to the number of teams entered, entrance fees and list of prizes, were very blandly informed that he was so busy making out checks for the premium list that he could not attend to them, but would have to refer them to Messrs. Adams & Clark. There is where the committee got

their check, as Messrs. Adams & Clark when found did not know anything about the matter except that the secretary had erected a butt and set a frame for target. It is a well known fact that when the Thomas boys want to shoot they shoot, no matter what the obstacles may be. Messrs. Adams & Clark went to work with a will and secured all the rifle talent that could be had at short notice, and the result was a scrub shoot on the afternoon of the 12th. The Batavia team telegraphed that they could not come owing to the short notice, not having been informed of the shoot until the evening of the 12th. On the 13th, the Elgin boys (not an organized club) with the Thomas boys, pooled their issues and made some fine scores. The Thomas boys have come to the conclusion that there is splendid stock in Elgin for a strong rifle club, and have reason to think there will be a club organized in a very short time. They have a fine gun club in active operations at this time. At a meeting held by the Thomas Team, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Geo. H. Thomas Club Team will always hold in kind remembrance the courteous treatment they received from the following gentlemen of Elgin on the occasion of their visit, Sept. 12 and 13, 1879: Messrs. J. M. Adams, Barton Clark, Hawthorn Bros., J. J. Clark, C. E. Leightner, Dummer, W. H. Binns, Bowen, and M. Silver, all of whom contributed their full time and share toward making it one of the most enjoyable occasions that they have had for a long time.

Resolved, That the landlord of the Waverly Hotel is a prince of good fellow and knows how to keep a hotel, and that the Waverly cannot be excelled if equalled in the state.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this team it is not a first-class investment to take stock in a shooting tournament organized by a county fair.

The following is result of the scrub shoot on the afternoon of the 12th; conditions—2 sighting and 5 scoring; distance, 200 yards, strictly off-hand; wind still from 9 o'clock:

Barton Clark, Elgin . . . 4 4 4 4 4—20
Bowen . . . 2 4 3 4 3—16
John J. Clark . . . 5 4 4 4 4—21
Monroe Silver . . . 4 3 5 4 5—21
C. E. Leightner . . . 3 4 4 4 5—20
L. H. Drury, Chicago . . . 4 5 4 3 5—21
W. H. Chenoweth, Chicago . . . 3 4 5 5 4—21

The following is result of shoot on the 13th—conditions, 2 sighting and 10 scoring shots; distance, 200 yards, strictly off-hand; wind almost a gale from 9 o'clock, it was so strong it was almost impossible to hold on to the target, notwithstanding, you see scores were good:

J. Arnold, Chicago . . . 5 4 4 5 5 5 4 5—45
W. H. Chenoweth, Chicago . . . 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—40
Hawthorn, Elgin . . . 5 4 4 4 3 4 4 4—39
J. J. Clark . . . 5 4 4 4 5 3 3 5—42
D. Biglow, Chicago . . . 5 4 4 3 4 4 4 4—39
J. O. Burcherdt, Chicago . . . 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4—41
J. O. Hobbs . . . 3 4 4 5 5 5 4 4—44
Tyrol . . . 5 4 5 4 4 4 3 2—38
B. Clark, Elgin . . . 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 5—43
C. E. Leightner, Elgin . . . 3 4 4 3 4 5 4 3—40
W. H. Binns . . . 4 4 3 3 3 4 3 4—35
J. M. Adams . . . 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 4—35
Sawyer, Chicago . . . 4 3 4 3 4 4 2 3—45
Church . . . 3 3 4 4 4 5 3 3—47

CHY.

BELLEVILLE VS. ST. CLAIR.—Belleville, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—Below you will find the score of the third and deciding match between the St. Clair Rifle Club and a team from Co. A, Belleville guards. Prizes two gold medals, one for best individual score and one for best team. Springfield M. rifle, distance 200 yards off-hand.

Co. A.
Heidinger . . . 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 3 2—50
Rappel . . . 2 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 4—43
Reis . . . 4 3 4 4 4 2 2 3 2 2 3 4—47
Schuessler . . . 2 4 3 5 3 3 4 3 3 3 4 3—52
Huff . . . 3 0 3 3 3 0 4 5 4 3 4 5—04
Bethman . . . 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 3 3—49
Kaub . . . 4 5 4 3 3 4 3 5 4 3 3 4—56
Krebs . . . 2 3 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 5 4 5—53
Weber . . . 3 4 4 3 4 3 3 3 3 4 2 3—51
Andel . . . 3 0 3 4 3 3 3 2 2 3 3 3 2—42

Total . . . 492

St. Clair Rifle Club.
Taylor . . . 3 4 4 2 3 2 4 4 5 4 0 3 3 4—49
Reuss . . . 4 2 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 3 2 4 4 3—53
Starkel . . . 2 2 3 3 0 4 0 4 4 3 2 0 4—36
Knispel . . . 3 2 0 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 4—47
Fleischlein . . . 4 3 4 0 3 3 3 2 3 3 5 4 4—48
Camfield . . . 0 5 3 3 3 4 3 5 0 3 3 3 4—47
Glaser . . . 4 3 4 5 4 5 0 4 3 3 0 4 3—50
Knebelkamp . . . 4 3 3 4 4 4 5 2 4 3 3 3 3—53
Hilgard . . . 3 4 3 4 3 3 3 4 2 0 3 4 4—48
Stokey . . . 0 3 3 3 2 0 4 4 4 3 3 4 4—45

Total . . . 476

DODGE.

BOSTON, MASS.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Massachusetts Rifle Association had a good meeting at Walnut Hill, on Saturday, Sept. 13. There were sixteen entries to the "Amateur" series, who scored as follows:

D. Whittier . . . 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 5 4 4—44
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 4 4 3 4 5 4 4 5—41
R. Davis . . . 4 5 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—41
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 3 4—43
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4—41
R. A. Blood . . . 4 4 3 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—41
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 5 5 4 3 4 4 4 4—40
A. B. Archer . . . 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—40
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 3 4 3 5 4 3 5 4—40
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—39

For the silverware, fourteen entered, and the best shots scored as per table following:

W. Charles . . . 5 5 4 4 5 5—33
" (Re-entry) . . . 5 4 4 4 5 5—32
J. Nichols . . . 5 5 4 4 4 5—31
" (Re-entry) . . . 5 5 5 4 4 4—31
H. L. Lee . . . 4 4 5 4 4 5—30
E. Whittier . . . 4 4 5 4 4 4—30
J. Borden . . . 4 5 4 4 4 4—30
" (Re-entry) . . . 4 5 3 4 4 5—30

DOUBLEYOU.

ATLANTIC VS. LAKE VIEW CLUB.—Atlantic, Iowa.—Editor Chicago Field:—The following is the score in the late match at 200 yards, off-hand, between our club and the Lake View club of your city.

Lake View.
Macaulay . . . 5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4—42
Cattlin . . . 4 0 5 3 5 5 2 5 3—37
Burns . . . 3 4 5 4 5 4 4 3 3—40
Colchour . . . 5 5 5 3 4 4 4 4 3—40
Till . . . 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 5—42

Total . . . 201

Atlantic.
Mandlin . . . 4 5 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 4—44
DeLano . . . 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 5—43
Ford . . . 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 5—39
Gould . . . 3 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4—41
Aldrich . . . 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 3—41

Total . . . 208

DEE.

LAKE VIEW CLUB.—Chicago, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—The following is the score of the Lake View Rifle Club at regular practice shoot on Saturday, Sept. 13, 300 yards off-hand.

J. E. Till . . . 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 5—45
Jno. Macaulay . . . 5 4 4 4 4 5 3 4 4—44
J. A. Colchour . . . 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—44
H. C. Bradley . . . 5 5 4 3 4 5 4 4 4—44
C. Moeller . . . 4 5 5 3 4 5 4 4 4—43
Jno. S. Cram . . . 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—42
Chas. Cattlin . . . 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—42
Wm. Burns . . . 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 3—39

BRADLEY.

LONG RANGE RIFLE SHOOTING.—Springfield, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—The Springfield Rifle Club practised last Thursday, Sept. 4, at their 800 yard range, possible 75, and made the following score: Roper, 71; Rogers, 59; Helmle, 57; Sommer, 48. The interest in the shooting by the members is still on the increase. The Club have been informed that the Peoria club wish a tournament, but it is doubtful whether it can be arranged for this season.

KENNEL.—Continued from page 87.

A HANDSOME SPANIEL.—While passing through Milwaukee a few days ago, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to give Mr. John D. Olcott a look. Mr. Olcott showed us the handsomest water spaniel puppy we have ever seen. He is about seven months old, and to the admirers of this strain of dogs is well worth the trip to see. He is out of Mr. Olcott's Bridget, by Whitman's Bob.

THE ORGILL POINTERS.—Mr. Edmond Orgill, breeder of the well-known "Orgill" pointers, which have swept everything against which they have competed at bench shows, and whose field qualities are as good as their bench show qualities, finding he has more dogs than he wants, advertises some of them for sale in this issue. The opportunity to obtain this fine strain of dogs should be availed of.

THE GERMAN TRIALS.—The inaugural field trials held in Germany, on August 13th, although not a great success, were sufficiently satisfactory to encourage the promoters of them to repeat them. There were three stakes. The Puppy Stakes was won by Mr. Willmann's Brag II.; the Club Prize Stakes by Prince Albert Solm's Naso, and the Prince Charles' Stakes by Mr. Lutter's Foldmann.

DRAKE.—Mr. T. A. Scott, the manager of the Sporting Dog and Field Trial Club, England, announces the purchase from Mr. Ed. Armstrong of the pointer dog Drake, 18 months old, by Bang, out of a bitch by Lord Sefton's Sam. Mr. Scott thinks Drake "the finest pointer dog in the world."

DOG LOST.—Mr. Prior has lost his handsome black and tan setter dog Sam. He was lost from 202 Michigan avenue, and had on at the time a choke collar. Anyone finding will be liberally rewarded by leaving him at Messrs. Brown & Prior's, corner of Monroe street and Wabash avenue.

For J. J. C., Providence, R. I.—Editor Chicago Field:—In reply to your request for information about Fritz and Gipsie, for J. J. C., both were owned by J. C. Howe, Princeton, N. J. Fritz is the sire of Horace Smith's Jeff and Fly. F. L. GAY.

A NOVEL PLAN.—According to an English exchange, Mr. Lort, at the Cirencester show, being unable to decide between an Irish setter and a Laverack setter for the cup, adopted the novel plan of making the owners draw lots for it.

Names Claimed.

DRUID, JR., LA BELLE, DASHER, FRANK AND FLAKE.—Mr. H. H. Turner, Virginia, Ill., claims the following names for his whelps by Druid out of Swazze: Druid, Jr., and La Belle for dog and bitch puppy marked black and white; Dasher and Frank for black, white and tan dog puppies, and Flake for bitch puppy marked black, white and tan.

BENEDICK.—Dr. Nelson D. Hatheway, Middleboro, Mass., claims the name of Benedick for white and black ticked puppy out of Opal (Rake—Fanny) by Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III, whelped March 1, 1879. This puppy was sold to Mr. Frank L. Sanford, Washington, D. C.

DRUM.—Mr. Jere Dunn, Chicago, claims the name of Drum for his Irish—Gordon setter dog puppy, by Race out of Queen, presented to him by Mr. George B. Clason.

DAMON.—Mr. F. P. Lewis, Leesburg, Va., claims the name of Damon for his lemon and white pointer puppy, by Mr. G. H. Nixon's Bruce out of Mr. Cary Seldon's Spot.

RYNE.—Mr. J. H. Richards, Jerseyville, Ill., claims the name of Ryne for his all-red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 7, 1879, out of Carrie, by Dan (Rufus—Moose).

MAC K.—Mr. S. A. Kaye, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Mac K. for his Irish setter dog by Dr. Carson's Paddy (Thorstein—Loo II.) out of his Scotchey.

IKE.—Mr. Farrar, St. Louis, Mo., claims the name of Ike for his Irish water spaniel dog by Mr. S. A. Kaye's Pat, out of Mr. N. S. Brown's Fan.

Sales.

SALES OF WHELPS.—Missouri Valley, Ia.—Editor Chicago Field:—I have disposed of my Shady—Lottie litter of Irish water spaniels as follows: One dog to J. W. Strohm, Fall, Iowa; one dog to A. Graham, Wisner, Neb.; one bitch to A. H. Livingston, Norfolk, Neb.; one bitch to Messrs. E. C. Cook & Bro., Chicago, Ill.; and of my Boston—Jessie litter of Irish red setters, as follows: One dog to Scott Bryan, West Point, Neb.; one dog to Mr. Geo. E. Poyner, Clinton, Iowa; one dog to Dr. G. W. Wilkinson, Dakota City, Neb.; one bitch to Dr. G. W. Wilkinson, Dakota City, Neb.

J. D. BROWN.
RAKE—BLUE MOUND.—Mr. C. W. Mullan, Waterloo, Iowa, has sold to Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, Penn., a black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, by Burghundhal's Rake, out of Mr. Mullan's Llewellyn setter bitch Blue Mound; consideration, \$25.

DASH III.—STARLIGHT WHELP.—Mr. H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., has sold to Dr. J. B. Handy, Fall River, Mass., a puppy out of Starlight, by Dash III; another puppy of the same litter was presented to Dr. Handy by Mr. Durgin.

ELCHO II.—SCOTCHY WHELPS.—Mr. S. A. Kaye, St. Louis, Mo., has disposed of three whelps by Elcho II., out of his Scotchey; viz.: To Messrs. W. E. Winter, T. Tilden and G. Mook, each a dog.

DAVID—SWAYZE WHELP.—Mr. John Scanlon, Fall River, Mass., has purchased of Mr. J. W. Wilkinson, Virginia, Ill., a bitch puppy by David out of Swayze.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Mr. Arnold Burges, Hillsdale, Mich., has sold to Mr. A. H. Moore, Philadelphia, his blue belton bitch Dolly Varden, by David out of Nilsson.

SPORT.—Mr. E. F. Mercillott, New York, has purchased of Mr. John H. Meyer, the prize pointer dog Sport.

Whelps.

DEVONSHIRE LASS.—Mr. A. J. Ealy's pointer bitch Devonshire Lass has whelped 9—6 dogs and 3 bitches, all liver and white. Mr. S. S. Reid, Louisville, Ky., has purchased two dogs of this litter and one bitch goes to Mr. Henry Fawcett, New Albany, Ind. Mr. Ealy reserves three whelps for his own use.

DAISY.—Mr. John Hammon's cocker spaniel bitch Daisy whelped Sept. 6, 6—3 dogs and 3 bitches, by his band white dog Bob, five are marked liver and white, and one like sire.

GRACE.—Mr. E. F. Mercillott's champion orange and white setter bitch Grace has whelped 8—6 dogs and 2 bitches, by Mr. Carl Leschhorn's imported Laverack dog Carlo.

COUNTRESS.—Mr. W. A. Wheatley's Countess whelped Aug. 15, 12—9 dogs and 3 bitches, by Gladstone. These whelps are to be sold for the benefit of Jerry Cockrell.

DI.—The Marshalltown Kennel Club's Di has whelped 9—6 dogs and 3 bitches by their Tick.

Visits.

NELLIE.—The Imperial Kennel, Tom's River, N. J., Nellie (Eagleston's Rover—Eagleston's Belle) has visited their Pride (Finn's Sam—Mallard's Belle) on Sept. 2.

NANNIE—STAFFORD.—Mr. S. A. Kaye's Nannie (Demuth's Dash—Waddington's Sport) has visited Mr. T. W. Sterling's Stafford (Rake—Dart).

BLIX—JOHN.—Dr. Thomas' black pointer bitch Blix (Strong's Peto—Woodbridge's Nell) to Brown's John, formerly Stone's, of Augusta.

PET—LARK.—Mr. E. F. Mercillott's Pet to Mr. H. P. Morris' Champion Lark.

RUBY—DRUID.—Mr. M. Heller's Ruby (Rake—Fanny) has visited Druid.

OPAL—DASH III.—Dr. Nelson D. Hatheway's Opal to Dash III.

JAUNTY—BOW.—St. Louis Kennel Club's Jaunty to their Bow.

Deaths.

FRANK FORESTER.—New York.—Editor Chicago Field:—Dr. H. N. Aten, of Brooklyn, has had the misfortune to lose his fine young lemon and white pointer, Frank Forester, bred by Mr. Orgill, out of Romp by Rush. Frank died of pneumonia last week, aged fourteen months. He received V.H.C. in the puppy class at the last Westminster Kennel Club bench show, and since then has been nicely broken, and promised exceeding well in the field.

MALLARD.—Sir T. Lennard has lost his pointer dog Mallard, a son of old Drake, and first in his class at the Field Trial Derby, in 1876.

Miscellaneous.

Among the Surveyors.

BY ARCHER.

Between Saginaw Bay and Lake Huron, in Michigan, lie three goodly counties, Huron, Tuscola and Sanilac, but little known to the outside world as, until within a few years, except immediately along the lake shores, they embraced an almost-unbroken wilderness, possessing no charms save for the lumberman and trapper. Principally covered with coniferous forest prior to 1870, the region furnished the pine for the numerous mills that dotted the eastern border of the state from the Saginaws to Lake Erie; and here, too, many of the most wealthy and influential lumber firms of Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, laid the foundation of their present fortunes. Black and Cass rivers furnished the principal outlets for the logs, the former emptying its dark, sluggish waters into the clear blue of the St. Clair at Port Huron, and the latter in turn polluting the emerald green of Saginaw Bay.

In spite of the millions of feet that have been taken from this peninsula, there yet remain many wild and unbroken forests, besides numerous impenetrable "burn-downs" and "slashings" that, extending as they do over miles of territory uninhabited by man, present as lonesome and weird a wilderness as can well be found, and likewise afford a safe harbor for numbers of deer, bears, wolves, lynx, wildcats, foxes, hares, muskrats, otters, raccoons, fishers, mink, martins, turkeys, ruffed and spruce grouse, as well as a few wapiti beaver and wolverines. In 1871, just subsequent to the great Chicago conflagration, fires swept over a large portion of these counties, destroying the standing pine and felling the cedars and hemlocks, but fortunately doing but little injury to the hard-wood forests. These fires were a blessing to the country in more ways than one; not only did they partially clear the land and prepare it for the agriculturist, but they drove the inhabitants who had previously lived a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, relying on what was earned in the lumber woods and on the "drive" in Winter and Spring to support them in idleness during the Summer, to less precarious modes of subsistence and to tillage of the soil. They also led to the opening up of the region to settlers, as those who had acquired these lands having lost the pines, were forced to parcel them out into farms in order to realize upon their original investment, and consequently numerous immigrants from Canada, and not a few from Poland, have here begun life anew. The attention thus directed toward the peninsula, too, that heretofore had no means of communication with the outer world save by mud wagons, or, in Summer, by the boats that touched at the little hamlets along the shores, led to the projection of a narrow-gauge railroad northward from Port Huron, twenty-five miles of which was built and put in running order the past Winter. A further extension is contemplated, and the first move made in August last by ordering a surveying party into Sanilac County for the purpose of locating a line to its further border. By invitation of my friend, Mr. George Marsh, the engineer in chief, I made one of this party, particularly as it offered an opportunity to see a region in which I had some interest, at the same time affording information of good hunting grounds known to exist there. It is of this jaunt that I propose to relate the adventures.

We were a rough-looking lot that assembled one Wednesday morning at the depot—a dismounted caboose—of the narrow gauge, to use the prejudiced vernacular of the up-country people, who are inclined to be dissatisfied with what they deem nothing but a toy road. Clad in blue shirts, butternut overall continuations, and cow-hide boots, made to buckle at the knee—my hunting experience taught me to prefer a pair of stout English walking shoes—hats of almost every conceivable pattern, and laden with tripods, transits, levels, rods, flags, targets, chains, axes and ham baggage. Our dearest friends positively refused to recognize us.

"Well, Doc," said a bystander, "what the d—l are you doing in that rig? Such a stickler as you are for the game law can't be going hunting, surely! Oh, surveying, eh? Well, what do you know about surveying? You'd better stick to pills and pukes. I went surveying once, and—"

"There, that will do," quoth I, for I had no desire to miss the train, and knowing from previous experience what an insufferable bore this fellow could be—no one ever yet heard the end of his interminable yarns—I bolted.

In the car we were commented upon with surprising nonchalance. Indeed, many must have supposed us entirely devoid in auditory apparatus, so free were their remarks. "Yahoos from Canada going to the lumber woods to work," remarked one. "Must be bound for the head-waters of the Cass," echoed another. While two young damsels—no pun intended—made us the butt of their wit and pleasantries. One, by virtue of "Paw bein' the richest man in Crosswell," remarked audibly upon our personal appearance, and exhibited her superior knowledge by delineating our characters as expressed physiognomically, to her own entire satisfaction and our amusement, and finally, not satisfied with a survey from afar, deliberately planted herself in front, but one seat removed, and began a cross-examination calculated to exhibit her humor and reveal our boorishness. She "reckoned" we were going to work for her "paw," which we thought very likely. She would speak to "paw" if we wished, and if we were "good steady men and didn't drink"—we professed utter ignorance of so strong a beverage as coffee even—and "paw was very particular about his men," for he had "been to legislature." Did we ever "see paw's new house?" etc., etc. Finally she intimated that it would look better if we sought seclusion in the smoking car, as this was intended more particularly for ladies and gentlemen.

We were fortunate in choosing an express train, at least we thought so when we discovered its maximum speed exclusive of stops, to be scarce eight miles an hour, the latter including every road and every house where anyone seemed inclined to get on or off, or to stop the train to gossip with the conductor. We wondered whether the mail and accommodation made the trip in two days or three.

All things have an end, and so had this ride, and at last we were landed in the center of an eighty-acre field close by the skeleton of a station, which, if ever completed, will have all the capacity of a cigar-box. Here stood also a lumber wagon, the driver of which vociferously called our attention to the fact that it was a "free hack for Flannery's Hotel, the best tab-vern in Crosswell;" surely that sounded well, and with such evidence of civilization we tumbled aboard. A drive of a mile through sand and sawdust brought us to the inn—a log building with a small frame attachment, the original conception having been a "lumber shanty" and hog pen, and still bearing strong evidences of its former occupancy.

By closing both eyes, and with the aid of a liberal application of mustard, we managed to get through dinner, which was fearfully and wonderfully compounded; but to apply the remark of one of our men, "the heft of the meal was made up of water." At this hour of entertainment for "man and beast"—principally the latter—we found two more of our party who had preceded us with the team. As soon as might be we clambered

into the long red van, with seats arranged lengthwise, stowed away our traps, and settled for a jaunt of fourteen miles over corduroy roads to Farmer's Post Office, better known as Carson's, where our duties were to begin. A tedious ride it was, or would have been but for the quaint humor of old Eli, the driver, who, knowing every inch of the peninsula, and familiar with the history of the past, regaled us with anecdotes of the old lumbering days, and the pranks and apes of "bosses" and "land hunters." One of these was so rich I cannot resist the temptation to give it a place here:

"Old Ira B. Kendrick was a massive specimen of physical manhood. Nearly seven feet tall, well proportioned, and as strong as an ox, few cared to encounter him. In 1853 he was boarding at the Cadillac House in Lexington (Stanilac Co.), when there arrived a spruce and dandified youngster, 'all the way from Bawston,' to look after the interests of the 'Huron Pine Land Company,' and who was so absorbed in self as to consider all people not residents of the 'Hub,' and more especially those 'out west,' as beyond the pale of the usual courtesies of life. Seated at the table beside Kendrick one evening, the latter politely asked the young exquisite to 'pass the bread' to which he responded by seizing two slices between his thumb and finger, flipping one on his own plate and the other upon the old man's. Kendrick said nothing, but patiently bided his time. Hash was the staple for tea at that house, and soon Mr. Boston nudged him with a request to 'pass the hash.' Reaching over, Kendrick dipped his great brawny hand into the wonderful compound, nearly clearing the dish, and slapped a pound or so upon the middle of the youngster's plate. Then there was a scene. The guests yelled and cheered, but Kendrick was apparently oblivious of having done anything unusual or out of the way. Meantime Boston had jumped from his seat and with flashing eyes and flaming face stood deliberating as to what he should do next. The comparison between Kendrick's broad shoulders and his own effeminate form was not favorable. The repeated cheers and bursts of laughter from those assembled evidently decided him, and he bolted, taking the evening boat for Detroit and the East."

Nightfall overtook us ere our destination was reached, and thoroughly tired, "abungered and athirst," we sought the dining room of the country hotel, and ate as only hungry men can eat. It seemed like a princely meal after the experience of Hotel de Flannery, though each biscuit was heavy as lead, the ham painfully salt, and the eggs musty. At the table we met a country quack, affluent of brass watch-chain, tongue and hair, who gravely and pompously introduced himself as "Doctor Blank, M.D., physician and surgeon," graduate of the Lord-knows-what, and who likewise afforded us full information as to his medical knowledge and abilities. Full of wonderful cures and cases, he babbled away with all the innocence and assurance of ignorance and senility, thinking, doubtless, he might find patrons in our crowd. He was a queer mixture of homoeopathy and Thomsonianism, as may be seen from the conversation that took place between him and the driver.

Eli—"Did I understand you to say you attended the — college?"

Doctor—"Yes, sir—ee!"

Eli—"Let me see; that institution lived only one year, I believe?"

Dr.—"Yes, sir. Un-for-tu-nate-ly, owing to the parsy-mony-cous pu-si-lanity of the people of —, who pre-fer to be doctored by intol-erant ally-o-pathy-icks, who kill all their pa-hunts, havin' no pair-cep-shun of med-i-sin, sir, and who use dan-gee-rous minerals, sir."

Eli—"Don't you give minerals? I supposed all homoeopaths did."

Dr.—"No, sir-ee. Minerals is got from the bow-els of the alrth and drag the pa-shunt down, you see; kill him ev-ery time! But veg-e-tay-bles grow up and cure right off. The ally-o-pathy-icks keep a 'stuffed' ki-nine and mor-fine and kal-er-mile, and ef there was enny law, they'd all be hung."

Eli—"But doctor, I thought quinine and morphine were vegetable substances. I always understood that one was prepared by the aid of acids from the bark of a tree, and the other from opium which, as I understand, is the juice of the poppy."

Dr.—"That's jest it! Them acids is what makes minerals of 'em, an' they air pizen, sir, deathly pizen to any one that takes 'em. Why, sir, I had a case of o-dee-my (edema) of the o-sil-fy-gus (oesophagus) and those kal-er-mile doctors hed bin callin' it dispepsy, and givin' ki-nine. I jist giv her a corn sweat and a little ho-me-o-pathy-ick med-i-sin, an' she got well rite off."

Eli—"Now Doctor, you have told us that you practiced medicine in St. Louis twelve years, in Cincinnati nine years, in New York city twenty years, Boston five years, Chicago five years, and as near as I can figure you have practiced in other prominent cities twenty or twenty-five years more; besides you say you studied in Europe ten years. Will you kindly inform us how old a man you are, and how soon after you were born you commenced your wonderful career?"

That was enough! Amidst a roar of laughter our medical friend shot from the room, and thereafter found it convenient to be called away during meal hours as long as we were in the neighborhood.

A hot August night passed in the middle of an old-fashioned feather bed is not particularly conducive to rest, and the morning found us heavy-eyed and weary. Bright and early we rose inspired by mosquitoes and bed b—, *Cimex lectularius*, I should say, and having devoured a breakfast, evidently the remains of the supper the night before, we started out for "business." An hour was consumed in hunting landmarks, and the stakes that defined the terminus of the last survey. These found, a stake was set by the side of the road and duly numbered 0, a "hub" placed, and the transit set, and the line fairly started. Stake number one had been placed just over the fence and was being driven home, when from a hovel close by rushed a crowd of tatterdemallons led by a short, stout, red-headed, fat and greasy woman, the rear being brought up by a long, lank, lean individual in male habiliments, who looked as if he expected soon to be translated or blown away.

"An' what air yees goin' to doo noo? Can ye no ken this 's private lan'?" shouted the leader. "Ye'll na go thro' this lan' I'll till ye. It's trespassin' ye air an' I'll take the la on ye ef ye don't ga an oot noo."

Being relegated to the position of spokesman, I addressed her with the information that a railroad was projected, and explaining all the advantages to be derived therefrom along with a few, such as a station in her yard, that might not be so easily realized. But not a word would she hear; the "La" was to be brought to bear upon us and to vindicate the rights of a poor woman.

"Ye'll na gang thro' Calson's lan'!—ye daren'! kase why?—He's a rich mon! But ye'll parsecute a puir woman body—yla a puir woman body that has na siller—nawthin' but a little lan' an' eight small childer. A woman body that's waur than a widdy with a meeserable louty mon to ken for. Why doant ye spoke up ye auld fuile an' show ye'r grit, ye good fur nawthin' fuile instead of stannin' aroun' glist gawken!"—this to her husband, who remained a silent spectator. "Ef I hed ye'r size and strength (!) I'd drive awa' the lot of 'm. Ef ye don't drive they off it's no tobacco ye'll be gettin' the week I'll tell ye!"

In the meantime the line was steadily advancing, and the indif-

ference manifested by her male partner having turned the vials of her wrath, I departed after the men, who were now across the field and into the "burn-down" beyond; and as I plodded along after Marsh, who had just come up, we received several parting shots, which were wafted to our ears in the "La," "puir woman," "worse than a widdy," "no tobacco," and like threats were intermingled. After the "burn-down" came a "slashing." I have before mentioned the visitation of this region by fire, which destroyed the pine, but merely felled the cedars and hemlocks by burning their roots, or left them standing as great black and naked stubs and rampikes. Over the burnt district, closely interwoven with stumps and fallen timber, has sprung up an almost impenetrable growth of poplars and briars, which, with wind-falls, constitute a slashing; and, to run a line through these, the surveyor finds no light task. The axemen were sent ahead to hew out the line, while the chainmen followed more slowly, measuring the ground, setting and numbering the stakes. Owing to windfalls and inequalities of the ground constantly interrupting the view, and the go-ahead and rushing method of running a line common among American surveyors, the transit had to be brought up every few moments, and necessitated the whittling and planting of crosses of poplar every few rods to serve as back-sights when the transit should be moved up, a task that devolved upon me by virtue of being the chief "idler" of the company. It was a terribly warm day, and not a breath of air found its way into the slashing, while the thin poplar growth offered no shelter from the burning rays of sun, that poured down upon our heads with almost torrid heat. All day long we toiled, except a short intermission for dinner. I say we, though the heat and burden of the day fell chiefly on those in advance, undisturbed by any excitement. Our thirst was oftentimes almost unbearable, and little swamp-holes and "cow-stockings" when found, were eagerly relieved of the fluid that had accumulated therein; and so thirsty were we at times that even the most inveterate consumers of tobacco failed to obtain satisfaction in chewing their favorite weed. Soon, on nearing the clearings, one of the men was dispatched for water, and after a tramp of nearly a mile he managed to secure a pail and tea-cup, and though, when it reached us, it proved warm and insipid, and bore a strong resemblance to Carson's tea, owing to the number of raspberry balls and leaves that had fallen into it, was hailed almost as a God-send, and copious draughts disposed of.

Sundown overtook us some eighty rods from a clearing, and we wearily plodded our way to the nearest road, where we found Eli, our veteran commissary, waiting with the wagon to carry us back to Carson's. A supply of beefsteak from close behind the horns of an antiquated steer, one too old to market, and musty eggs fried in lard—ugh! my stomach rebels even now at the thought—constituted the evening meal, when we sought the feather beds, and in spite of insect pests slept the sleep of the just.

The morning dawned with a dash of rain, just enough to preclude operations until afternoon. Meantime Marsh and I scoured the country in a buggy and on foot in order to obtain some idea of the topographical peculiarities of the region. We found the land much more rolling as we advanced northward, ending in little foot hills and spurs that projected upon a flat two or three miles wide, along the course of Black river, and as cheapness in building and lack of grades were the desiderata rather than directness, it was held best to follow the trend of the lowland as far as possible. After dinner we took the field again. Already we had heard rumors of trouble ahead, and as we crossed the open field to the scene of our labors we discovered a burly Englishman walking up and down, a gun on his shoulder and a formidable bull dog at his heels. This looked like "business." Half an hour sufficed to take us into the open, when, as Marsh prepared to set his instrument, down came Johnny Taurus along with his dog, but the gun had somehow or other mysteriously disappeared, though he had informed his neighbors that he would "shoot the first damned Yankee that poot a foot in that field." Parsons, the pilot, met him with a cheerful "Good morning; a fine day, sir!" "None of your rot," sang out the irate Johnny. "Get outen me turnip patch, h'll tell yoo, or ye'll find it 'ot for yoo."

"Ah! Did the bees sting you up there in the lot while you were hunting black birds? Its too bad. I came near being stung myself. You should look out for them. I once had a whole swarm chase me around a ten-acre lot and—"

"Shut your 'ed, young man. I want to know wot sends yoo thro' me field. H'll 'ave no railroad 'ere; hav' yooose bin cuttin' down my timmer, han' h'll d' loik to know whose gawin to poi for hit." As the timber was poplars less than two inches in diameter, this seemed a somewhat superfluous question. Stepping forward, I now tried my powers of persuasion. I expatiated upon the value of the railroad, explained what a nice little calf pasture could be made of the flat-iron bit the line cut off from his field; and further assured him that the company proposed to build a station at the road beyond, and put on a milk train that would allow him to dispose of his superfluous lacteal fluid in the city.

"Sell milk be dommed. Hit will hall be churned to bu-ther!"

I then explained that government contemplated a canal from Saginaw Bay alongside the railroad to save the poor mariners from the dangers of Point-Au-Bargues, Grindstone Reef, and White Rock, the locomotives to be utilized for towing vessels, and that further, each resident along the line would be allowed to use water from the canal for irrigating purposes, thus rendering him independent of rain and ensuring bountiful crops during seasons of drought.

"Dour yoor herrygawtin'. Hl doant want hawny canawl. I want to know whos' gowin' to poi for me lawnd. Hif yoo doant poi me yoo kawn naw goa ahkraws et."

"My friend," answered Parsons, government is unfortunately, just at present, in straightened circumstances, and can't poi you; but if you will present your claim to Sir Edward Thumbleton, of Thumbleton Grange, Somersetshire, England, he will certainly secure it for you. But we must and will go across this land, and I must request you to step out of the way, as I propose to drive a stake where you now stand."

"Han ef Hl 'it yoo know woad Hl 'ave to poi for hit aw woander. Eh! seek um Jock! seek um!" he yelled to his cross-bred bull dog, as he saw the chain men quietly going on with their work. "Bite um Jock! Drive um aff!"

I thought things were serious for a moment as the great brute bounded toward Parsons, he being the nearest; but as he closed in, a sudden and well directed kick planted under his lower jaw closed his mouth suddenly like the snap of a patent rat-trap and evidently caused a change to come "o'er the spirit of his dreams," for he instantly turned tail and sought refuge between his master's legs, from which coin of vantage he could neither be coaxed nor driven. This ended the battle, and the old man, after a stare of astonishment, satisfied himself with hurling a few neat curses at our devoted heads, and muttering wishes for our consignment to a more tropical climate than we were then enjoying.

Two miles were made this day, mostly through ploughed fields, stubbles and partial clearings, with now and then a short slashing or burn-down. It was just the route for a railroad as no cuttings would be necessary, and but few fills, none to exceed a hundred yards in length and three or four feet in depth, and this was the general character of the line as far as we surveyed.

This day, too, we suffered little from want of water though we met with none on the route, for our veteran commissary, knowing the sufferings of the day previous, provided himself with a huge jug which he brought to us at every road that crossed our path.

Night found us in the vicinity of Downing's Corners, a good place to be, as it proved. This is an excellent point for sportsmen, and may be reached either by stage from Crosswell, or by boat to Forester, and then private conveyance. Either Mr. Downing or his partner, Mr. Southworth, will entertain gentlemen of respectability, as there is no hotel; and they know well how to cater to the wants of the inner man; moreover, the former, at least, is familiar with every nook and corner of this peninsula, having hunted and lumbered through it for a quarter of a century.

Deer, bear, and turkeys are abundant in the vicinity, and wapiti may be had fifteen or twenty miles to the West. The third day was passed like the first, Downing's being our headquarters; now the fourth being Sunday, in obedience to scriptural injunction, we rested. I alone met with an accident on Saturday, an unlucky fall from off a hemlock log into a thicket, causing me to send into the house for another pair of trousers before I could be made presentable. The boys, too, ran through a wasp's nest and received a few stings, which, however, they bore in silence, hoping to see the aroused insects give Marsh and I a benefit, but for some reason unknown, although forced to pass through their midst, we escaped unharmed, much to the boys' regret. Sunday in the country is a dull day at best. Some of the directors of the road came up to visit us and see what we were doing; and they, being old lumbermen, helped to pass away the time with yarns of old "shanty days," in which Downing bore a conspicuous part. The boys sat around the barn and slept, greased boots, ground axes, mended their clothes, and told stories, most of which, I am sorry to say, were

" * * * * * unfitting quite,
For these fair precincts and ears polite."

And when tired of this, with an astonishing unanimity of purpose, they aided the "hired girl" in her manifold duties, thereby gaining favor in her eyes, for a few moments at least. One wild little fellow, hired at Carson's as an axman, possessed of black eyes and a countenance running over full with mischief, a good-for-nothing in looks, but belying his general appearance, "hoofed" it back to his home to see his girl. About four o'clock in the afternoon he drove by with his fair one in an antiquated ark of a buggy to which was "toggled" a gothic steed of enormous proportions and wonderful gait. As he passed he was yelling at the top of his voice and lashing his limping Bucephalus with all his might, as he afterward said, "trying to get by before the boys should see" him. With his old tattered straw hat, big topped cow-hide boots, grey trousers, bright blue shirt, and scarlet sash wound round his waist, half-breed fashion, he was a picture to look upon! But in the evening when he returned leading his Rosinante, his companion trudging along on foot behind him—"the d—d horse wouldn't ride," he said—his buggy three miles away in a ditch and reduced to splinters, and seven miles more to cover between Downing's and his destination, he appeared somewhat crest-fallen, yet his natural good nature and love of fun, even when he was himself the victim, never deserted him for a moment; and though he was the butt of many gibes and jokes, he managed always to give a Rowland for an Oliver, and when he left had paid every debt in good round coin. His dulcinea was no way behind him, and when I commiserated her on the accident that had befallen them, and jokingly offered to take her home in Downing's buggy, she opened wide her eyes, and exhibiting a set of teeth fit to make a city belle envious, replied laughingly: "Surean! I'd rather be walkin' seven miles wid Jimmie than be ridin' one with yee's, fur all ye thry to look so foine wid a necktie under yer shirt collar and gloves on yer hands. Ye'd spile before ye got me there!"

Monday more work, decidedly unpleasant in character—through slashings all day; and in the forenoon I was rewarded by seeing Parsons fall into a trap similar to the one he set for us on Saturday. He had taken the head of the chain, and stopping on a big upturned stump to give a point, he failed to observe that he was directly over a black hornet's nest, and as he stooped over to plant a stake amongst the loose soil that clung to the roots, one of the irascible insects gently prodded him upon that portion of his anatomy that would naturally offer the biggest and most prominent mark at such a time. With a bound and a yell he flew, and little Jimmy, whose duty it was to drive the stake, gave two or three quick strokes with his ax in one hand, the other being occupied in swinging his dilapidated chapeau about his head, when with a cheer he, too, bolted, for although the pestiferous little devils were in myriads about him, he escaped without a sting; his triumph was short lived, for in heedlessness and anxiety to get off scott free, he plunged headlong into the midst of a second colony close by, and from these he flew vigorously leaving his ax behind in his haste. A little later he returned for it but did not secure it without a few gentle reminders of the impropriety of invading the domicile of others without invitation. And poor Simpson, better known to the party as "Lengthy," owing to his plentitude of longitude without corresponding latitude, endeavored to pass the stake without giving it its proper number. Marsh observing this, and knowing nothing of what had transpired, sung out, "number that stake!" an order which the poor devil attempted to comply with, but before he could make the first figure he shot from that neighborhood as if

"All the devils in hell were there,"

as he undoubtedly thought they were, for he met with anything but a cool reception. This fellow had another sobriquet, "City Surveyor;" obtained through his assumed knowledge of engineering; the first day out he knew more than the chief, the second day he would yield a point under protest; and so on in a descending scale until the last day he was fain to acknowledge he knew nothing of the business. The first day, too, he started off "rather brashy," as the boys expressed it, bound to tire out the entire party, especially the little fellow that carried the rear of the chain while he had the head; and this he seemed equal to at first, as his long legs with the aid the flag gave him, proved of great advantage in skipping from stump to stump, log to log, and over brush heaps and windfalls. Seeing this, Parsons swore a mighty oath that he would pay him off in his own coin, and consequently seized every opportunity to take the head of the chain, forcing "Lengthy" to the rear.

At night as we were returning to Downing's, a bear cub, perhaps seven months old, was observed chained in a farmer's door yard. The youngster evidently saw something that he desired as he was erected on his hind feet and tugging at his chain with all his might, regarding intently the bee hives.

"What does that fella want?" said the irrepressible Jimmy.

"Honey!" I replied. "Bears love honey as much as the devil is said to hate holy water, and this one is probably no exception. It would be a joke if some one would loose him."

"Bedad and I'm the man 'll do that!" and before he could be checked, out of the wagon he went and over the fence to the house. Asking for a drink, he watched his opportunity and quietly undid the chain, and by the time he got back the young plantigrade had upset a hive and was regaling himself with

sweets in spite of the protests of the angry swarm that buzzed about him.

"Oh, Ma! Tommy is loose and eating the honey," yelled a little girl. The mother rushed from the house, took in the situation at a glance, and then began to ring the farm bell furiously, bawling for "John" at the top of her voice, while we bowed away down the road convulsed with the scene. We reproved Jimmy as best we might under the circumstances and tried to convince him that it was "too bad," but in vain. "Too bad!" says he. "Why the ould spalpeen wouldn't lind nor hire me his ould buggy when I broke down in the ditch beyant his house. He said I was too young to be out coortin' and bid we walk home. He licked me wance, too, kase I was tryin' to stale a ride on the hind ind of his waggin'."

This little episode brought out some bear stories and considerable discussion as to the habits and peculiarities of the bruin family, the wisest man, in his own conceit, being "Lengthy." He had seen bears, lots of them; had killed any quantity, hundreds of them—"With the jaw-bone of an ass," remarked Jimmy *solo voce*; down in Oswego County, N. Y., when a brakeman on the Midland railway had seen bears run over every night by his train—small ones; and on one occasion, when an animal of unusual size disputed the right of way with the engine, he was sent by the conductor to drive it off the track, which he did successfully with no other weapon than a club—would have made mince-meat of him right there had he time; indeed, if he should see a bear in the woods would engage to drive him off with the "flag" alone. No one cared to dispute this prodigy; indeed it would have been some risky so to do for he would instantly have manufactured fifty more lies to sustain and prove this. Jimmy merely said: "Jasus! but you're a brave man. I'll stick by yees in the slash, an' if we see a bear, d—n me but we'll bog 'im." Had our Munchausen known what was to follow the next day, he would scarce have told his story.

Daylight found us again at work, still in slashings, an operation that, when the sun was fairly up, proved more tedious than agreeable. At noon we took dinner at a farm-house close by, said meal consisting of sour rye-bread, pork scraps, black peas swimming in grease and molasses. It was enjoyable in the extreme, and the boys walked off singing:

"There is a boarding house,
Not far away,
Where they serve up sow-belly,
Three times a day."

We had hardly got back into the slashing and "Lengthy" started up with his chain to cross a low windfall, than Parsons suddenly cried, "Bear! bear!"

"Where, where?" gasped "Lengthy," and getting a glimpse of a black body rushing, grunting, toward him, he rolled up his eyes wildly, dropped down on the log on which he was standing, and grasping it with legs and arms began to yell with all the force he was capable of. "Oh dear, oh de-ear! I'm a dead man! Oh Lord, Lord! Now I lay me down—oh, Lord, I can't pray—down to sleep. Oh, Lord! save me somebody! I pray the Lord—Oh, Lord!—Our Father who—Oh! what will mother say—" A burst of laughter interrupted his wild invocation. "What!" he yelled, the situation beginning to dawn upon him, "has he gone?"

"Gone! of course he has, you fool," replied Parsons, disgustedly; "gone straight to Jimmie's arms." And amidst the shouts the latter hoisted upon the logs a half-grown black porker, whose meditative rootings we had ruthlessly disturbed. "Sure, and I said we'd bag 'im!" said that worthy; but his desire to catch the pig had left him in a pitiable state, the briars, bushes, and struggles of his captive having nearly denuded him of clothes; besides the half-wild brute had gashed his thumb severely. Seeing how badly he was sold, our Munchausen tried to make light of the matter, declared he knew all the time what it was, but "made believe scared just to frighten George and Arthur." But this was decided to be "too thin," the terror that had overspread his countenance being too genuine to admit of a moment's question. It cured him of large stories, anyway, for that day at least; and, ever after during the trip, it was only necessary for Eli to mutter reflectively, "Now I lay me," to effectually choke off his yarns. In spite of his wounds and rags, Jimmy enjoyed his scramble after the pig, and swore he would carry it home and clothe it with a blanket, which should be lettered, "This is a bear." He tied the legs of the brute and carried it with him most of the afternoon ere he could be persuaded to let it go. A queer character was this Jimmy. His face was always black with soot, black as that of the darkest negro. No matter how clean he might wash his face at noon or in the morning, it would be sure to be well blacked ere had been ten minutes in the slashing, and his odd appearance, unvarying good humor, willingness to do anything and everything, and do it with a will, along with his aptitude for monkey tricks, made him a prime favorite with all. A day's hard work made not the least difference with him, and he was ready to run a foot race, rob an orchard, or steal a pig at a moment's notice. He was very religious withal and a staunch Roman, never retiring at night without first saying his prayers and telling his beads. The last night we were out but one, he had knelt down and was going through his devotions, which were somewhat interrupted by the noise made by his companions. Suddenly breaking off he broke out wrathfully, "How in h—l is a man to say his prayers when ye air makin' sich a d—d noise! Have ye no respect for religion!" and then continued as if nothing had happened.

This day, too, I had a little adventure that is perhaps worthy of being chronicled. Along in the middle of the afternoon, Marsh having found a good point high on a stump for his instrument, was making a long run without a "change point"—a thousand yards or more—and I had gone ahead to set up a "back-sight" preparatory to removal. While awaiting his move, I stood resting one hand on a fallen cedar that lay on a level with my face, the other meantime grasping a small poplar behind my back, watching the performances of a pair of Nashville warblers—extremely rare birds in this section. Suddenly three black-capped titmice flew down, alighting on a branch scarce two feet from my nose, and not above six inches from my hand, where they swung, chirped and scrutinized me with their little sharp black eyes, with a What-the-d—l-are-you-doing-here-anyway sort of an expression, all the time giving vent to their peculiarly sweet little *chee-weeek-a-dee-dee* in a low tone. The impudence of the little scamps was most astonishing, and though I moved slightly they paid no attention except to hop a little nearer and pretend to be searching for grubs and worms beneath the bark, when instead they were closely eyeing and taking a minute inventory of my peculiarities, as if wondering who my tailor might be; occasionally one would spring up and deftly catch some musquito that ventured too near, and then coolly resume the staring process. I had stood here perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, scarcely moving, so interested was I in their performances, when suddenly Marsh picked up his instrument and started, and at the same instant I felt a cold slimy touch on the hand behind me, which caused me to jump with a shudder, at the same time giving vent to a half-suppressed yell. I had just been thinking of the tales told of snakes charming birds, and wondering if there was not as much fascination in the eyes of the timouse as in any serpent, and on feeling the cold touch the thought shot through

my brain, "Snakes." But it was nothing but a fawn that caused my alarm, which when I jumped gave a quick stamp and whistle, and bounded away probably equally surprised with myself. Curiosity had evidently led it to creep up behind me, little thinking it was about to interview one that a month later would have little compunction in shedding its blood under favorable circumstances. I have had a wee fawnie so young as to be scarce able to walk, attempt to follow me when come upon suddenly, but this is the first time I ever knew one as large to allow its curiosity to so far overcome its natural timidity as to walk quietly up and touch a human being. When Marsh came up and heard my tale, he remarked that on one occasion a deer followed him for some distance though always at a respectful distance, apparently through curiosity alone, disappearing only when he removed his instrument from his shoulder.

On coming up with the party I took charge of the transit to allow Marsh a rest, as he was suffering severely from sick headache, and the balance of the day I did his work. I had but just got the instrument in position when "Lengthy" met with another mishap. After considerable trouble he mounted a confused mass of logs and brush, and essayed to give me a point, when suddenly his support gave way and down he went entirely out of sight, ten or twelve feet to the ground, nothing but the tip of the rod he carried, wildly waving, being in view. He yelled, and screeched, and swore, but there he was nicely trapped, and the men were forced to cut away the brush before he could be relieved from his predicament. Blood streamed from numerous scratches and cuts on his hands and face, his clothes were reduced to ribbons, and he certainly was a most pitiable object to contemplate; furthermore, he was most thoroughly frightened lest he had fallen into the den of some wild animal, and feeling sore over his other mishap, bore the jokes that were cracked at his expense but illy. "Beats city surveying all hollow, don't it?" remarked one: "Most equal to Oswego county and the Midland road," echoed a second; while a third suggested that the brush pile closely resembled the den of a bear, and that it was "a pity the old gentleman was not at home to receive callers."

It was long past sundown ere we emerged from the slashing, and we then had nearly a mile of walking over a country, beside which the slashing was most agreeable, ere we could reach the road where the wagon awaited us. Deep mucky swamp holes greeted us on every side, and we were forced to keep to the hemlock and cedar logs that, felled by the fires, lay in every direction. Walk the logs we must whether we would or not, as they were so numerous, so intertwined and piled so high from the ground, that no other mode of progression was admissible. Here, too, we encountered musquitoes, blood thirsty, ravenous, and of unusual size; as still Arthur remarked, "The people hereabouts do not half feed their musquitoes, and a stray traveler is probed like the pockets of a rich banker at Saratoga." Never, either in the Adirondacks or the Red River Valley, have I found insects so rancorous and persistent as here. All the musquitoes in the state had apparently congregated to greet us and hold high carnival over our arrival. First one would bite, then another, then all settled down to their work with a unanimity of purpose perfectly astonishing, meantime lifting up their voices in high notes of joy! While slapping one side of the face a hundred or more probed the other, and as the hand was removed from the head myriads rushed in between and presented their bills ere it could be returned again. It was terrible, and between the labors of the day, which had been unusually severe, and the hectoring of the insects, a more tired and thoroughly exhausted crowd never tumbled into a wagon than did that night.

Away we went to Abbott's, a well-to-do farmer possessed of a nice house to all external appearances, and a fine farm. From the first view we anticipated luxury, but received husks. The old woman allowed that she entertained a surveying party last year and failed to make money by it, and she certainly labored hard to prevent a recurrence of such a catastrophe. Tea consisted of sour bread with "picklum pork," spoiled of course, sans sugar, sans milk, sans butter, sans teaspoons, sans everything nearly. The tea was a weak decoction of raspberry leaves; eggs and butter went to fill a contract, and the milk was made into butter and cheese; sugar was "not healthy," and all forms of sauces, as well as relishes, were "bad for the stomach." It is needless to remark, perhaps, that breakfast was the exact counterpart of supper. The beds, that is the one bed occupied by Marsh and I, for the men were forced to take to the barn, may be summed up as bed bugs and feathers, both abundant, with musquito accompaniments; the one window was nailed fast, and the sufferings of that hot August night will long haunt my memory. The lads essayed to sleep in the hay loft over the sheep barn, but the pestiferous insects drove them out, and they hung up in the trees in the orchard, and on the sloping roof at the back of the house.

The following night we fared better, as we put up with one Thompson, a Scotch Irishman, who certainly was a wonder in this point of the country, being both hospitable and generous; and the first glimpse we had of the wife scattered any scruples we might previously have had, as her "fair, fat and forty" appearance indicated good living that was fully justified in the end. Honey, ham, eggs, fresh butter and cream, light biscuits, bread such as our mothers used to make, coffee, pies, baked apples, batter cakes, sponge cake, etc., proved a very agreeable diet after what we had passed through the day previous, and we did ample justice to the fare. Hair mattresses, cool rooms and musquito bars were other luxuries found here, much to our surprise, such being unusual appurtenances to log houses; moreover, there were two neat and pretty daughters that helped to pass the evening pleasantly.

It was but just after daybreak when we were called, and though we yearned for

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,"

this was denied us, and we scrambled out, hastily devoured an excellent breakfast, and piled into the wagon, our pockets stuffed with apples and cakes which good Mrs. Thompson would have us take, and started for work. A ride of a mile over a road which though not quite "such as sheep tread single file," yet bore a very close resemblance, brought us to our destination. The day before we had "come out even" as the boys say; that is, had ended at a section road which, however, evidently had been traveled only in winter during the logging season. We started into the slashing with a will, but it proved so much worse than anything previously met with that we were almost discouraged ere we had fairly begun. Four axes failed to make much headway through the dense undergrowth and windfalls, and the ground was scarce ever seen. During the entire day the transit was set on the ground but twice, on the road where we went in, and again on the road where we came out at night. The stakes were driven in gashes cut in the logs, or "blazes" were made and marked to answer the purpose. The heat was intolerable, the musquitoes innumerable and ravenous, and worse than all we were without water except at noon. All suffered more or less from sun-stroke, and two men gave out entirely for several hours, myself one, and Parsons, the hardest man in the party, the other.

The next was our last day of surveying. Four miles we ran, most of it through open fields and orchards, only two small poplar slashings, one sixty and the other forty rods, being encountered.

This was the time, too, chosen by Parsons to administer a lesson to our longitudinal friend, which he did most effectually. When the axemen were not employed in clearing the line, each "took a hand" in running the chain in order to expedite matters; then Parsons would take the head and "Lengthy" the rear; George set the stakes, Arthur drove them, Fred numbered and Jimmy kept up the supply which he chiefly procured from cedar rails that he stole from the fences encountered in the way. It was lively work. Away Parsons would go on the dead run dragging the chain after him, the length of his arm in the rear, and when "chain" was called would give a "yank" that would throw it twenty feet or so ahead of the last stake, forcing the rear chainman to come up and recover it, and then carry back to the last station, thus going over a goodly portion of the ground twice. To make it worse, "Lengthy" made a mistake early in the day in numbering—they did not come out right on the next section line, and he was sent back to rectify his errors, which proved no light task, and when he again overtook the party he was pretty thoroughly blown. But Parsons gave him no rest, though he begged and begged for the head of the chain in vain; he was learning a lesson, and his teacher intended it should be thoroughly understood. When the mistake in numbering was discovered it was asked, "Who numbered the stakes?" "I did," replied "Lengthy." "Great God! is that so!" uttered Eli in apparent astonishment. "Then there can't be a mistake." This sally provoked general laughter, which so galled the poor victim that he failed to regain his temper again that day. When evening came, 7 p. m., we had completed our line to the outskirts of the village of Minden, and our work was done; but the last mile of our long Munchausen was done under physical protest as it were.

"His long face was longer than before,
His countenance a brand-new expression wore."

His shirt unbuttoned and thrown back, hat on the back of head, shoulders stooped way forward—all showed he was as near whipped as he well could be, and as he plodded along toward the hotel, lifting his massive feet only with the greatest difficulty, for once he was utterly silent and apparently meditative.

Supper at the hotel! The first half-way decent meal we had in a public house during the trip. This over, we mounted our long red van for a ride of twenty-two miles back to Carson's. One of the horses had fallen lame, so that the distance was covered but slowly; nevertheless the ride was not an unenjoyable one, being under the light of a bright, full moon. Jimmy was full of tricks and kept us wide awake. In spite of a day's hard work he was ready for anything, now jumping out to run some cow by the roadside, or to start a pig; one of the latter he kept on a dead run ahead of the team for over two miles until the brute laid down beside the road, refusing to budge another inch, and thoroughly done up. His yells startled the slumbers of many a granger, and heads were popped out of windows as we drove by to see what all the fuss meant. Inquisitive parties encountered along the road were afforded full information. One time we were the "advance guard of a circus," again "lightning-rod men," and on a third occasion "a minstrel troupe!" He was never at a loss for a reply. A cat started beside the road and Jimmie's attention was called to it, but with a most comical leer he declined to molest it, remarking sagely that he "chased one wanst and followed it to a hole, too, and then dug it out. D—n me, but it was a stinkin' skunk, an' I had to sleep in the barn for a month. Maybe I know a skunk from a cat now, but it's not meself that's going to risk me knowledge by moonlight!" A remark that seemed justified a moment later when either our "cat" or some other animal perfumed the air around in a most intense manner.

Midnight had long since passed when we reached our destination, and then we were forced to cool our heels at the door for nearly an hour ere we could "raise the house." After a night's rest we continued down to Crosswell, where we took the "Narrow Gauge" home. All in all, it was a very enjoyable trip. Next week I go over much the same ground shooting, and hope to have something better to chronicle.

Natural History.

Notes.

—The explorations of A. R. Wallace, embodied in his great work "The Malay Archipelago," have made us acquainted to some extent with the life habits of the orang-outang of Borneo, of whom, previous to the observations of that naturalist, but little was known beyond a few badly stuffed specimens in the several museums of Europe. Through the researches of Mr. Hornaday, of Rochester, who spent in the service of Prof. Ward of that city, several years collecting specimens of natural history in that Eldorado of all collectors, the Sunda Islands, additional light has been shed upon the habits of the orang, which has taken a prominent position since the question of natural descent assumed the importance which it holds at present under the name of the Darwinian theory. Upon his return from the East with large and valuable collections, Mr. Hornaday contributed one of the most interesting papers to the late assembled association for the advancement of science in Saratoga, in which he discusses some of the traits of the orang hitherto unknown. He explains as follows:

Borneo is the land of apes and monkeys. It contains thirteen species of quadrumana. Leaving the genus homo out of the question, the orang-outang occupies the third place from the highest in the kingdom. The gorilla is given the highest place, next in order the chimpanzee, and third the orang-outang. The orang agrees with the gorilla and chimpanzee in positive size and quality of the brain, but its fore limbs as compared with the hind limbs are longer than theirs. Among the higher apes the orang comes nearest to man in the number of ribs, twelve pairs, and form of the cerebral hemispheres, but differs from him in other respects, especially in the limbs, more than do the gorilla and chimpanzee. The male orang is marked by remarkable cheek callosities. These seem ornamental, are not controlled by voluntary muscles, and vary in width from 10½ to 13½ inches. The most striking feature of the orang is its massive and muscular arm and hand, on which the animal depends mainly for locomotion. When an orang is asleep the most natural position he can assume is grasping firmly a branch with each hand. Sometimes the hair is abundant, coarse, and ten to fifteen inches in length, and in other specimens it is scanty, short, and much finer. The loose skin on the throat and breast often hangs in a great baggy fold. Externally the orang seems to have no neck at all, the head being set squarely down upon the shoulders. The chest is massive, but the pelvis is small, and the lower limbs are small, short, and comparatively weak. The orang never sits down. The legs seem to possess almost as much freedom of movement as the arms.

Each individual of the Bornean orang differs from his fellows, and has many facial peculiarities belonging to himself alone as can be found in the individuals of any unmixed race of human beings. According to my experience, Mr. Hornaday said, orang differ from each other fully as much as either Chinese or Japanese, if not more. The faces of the more intelligent orangs

are capable of a great variety of expression, and in some the exhibition of the various passions, which are popularly supposed to belong to human beings alone, is truly remarkable. I had in my possession in Borneo four young living orangs. Three were dull and intractable, but the fourth was a perpetual wonder both to Europeans and the natives themselves. For weeks it lived in the same room with me, so that I watched it almost constantly. The expression of its face was highly intelligent, while the intellectual development of its forehead and entire cranium would have been quite alarming to the enemy of the theory of evolution. This specimen was a fine healthy male infant about seven or eight months old, 22½ inches in height, 37 inches in extent of arms, and 15½ pounds in weight. He exhibited fully as much intelligence as any child under two years of age, with all the emotions of affection, dislike, anger, fear, cunning, playfulness, and even *ennui*. When teased beyond endurance he would first whine fitfully, but if the teasing were continued, he would throw himself upon the floor, kicking and screaming and catching his breath as loudly and naturally as a big spoiled child. He was afraid of strangers as a rule, but decidedly attached to my Chinese servant and myself. When alarmed by a large dog or other animal, he would shuffle up to me and climb with all haste into my arms. When a cat came near him he would grab it by the tail with the very same action, and bright, mischievous expression of face that we have all seen in human children.

Male orangs are much given to fighting, continued Mr. Hornaday, as numerous scars on some of our specimens plainly show. Being purely fruit-eating animals, their huge canine teeth seem to have been given them solely as weapons of defense and offense. Orang No. 12 carried the scars of many a hard-fought battle in the tree tops. Large pieces had been bitten out of both lips, and his middle fingers had been bitten off. He had also lost two of his toes in this way. Whenever my baby orang became angry with me he would seize me by the wrist and draw my hand up to his mouth. * * * In Borneo the orang-outang inhabits that wide belt of low, forest-covered swamp which lies between the sea-coast and the mountain ranges of the interior, extending entirely around the western half of the island. Last year, while on a collecting expedition for Professor H. A. Ward, I had ample opportunities to study the habits of the orang-outang in his native forests. I visited Borneo in August, 1878, for the sole purpose of obtaining specimens of the Bornean simia and to study the different species. I visited the territory of Sarawak, and for two and a half months devoted my entire time to hunting the orang along the river Sadong and its tributary, the Simujan. This whole region is one vast swamp, covered everywhere with a dense growth of lofty virgin forest. During the fruit season, from the middle of January to May 1st, the food of the orang is the durian, mongasteen and rambutan. During the hot months of May, June and July they retire far into the depths of the forest, and are exceedingly difficult to find. But during the season of the heaviest rains, from August to November, when the forests are flooded, the orangs are found in the vicinity of the rivers. I soon found that the only way to reach them would be to paddle up and down the rivers and watch for them in the tree tops. Near the source of the Simujan river and far beyond the last Dyak village we found great numbers of old orang nests and some which were quite new. The nest consists of a quantity of leafy branches broken off and piled loosely into the fork of a tree. The orang usually selects a sapling and builds his nest in its top, even though his weight causes it to sway alarmingly. He often builds his nest within twenty-five feet of the ground and seldom higher than forty feet. Sometimes it is fully three feet in diameter, but usually not more than two, and quite flat on the top. There is no weaving together of branches. In short, the orang builds a nest precisely as a man would build one for himself, were he obliged to pass a night in a tree-top and had nothing to cut branches with. I have seen one or two such nests of men in the forest, where the builder had only his bare hands to work with and they were just as rudely constructed, of just such materials, and in about the same position, as the average orang nest. Upon this leafy platform the orang lies prone upon his back, with his long arms and short thick legs thrust outward and upward, firmly grasping, while he sleeps, the nearest large branches within his reach. On several occasions I surprised these animals upon their nests, and once I had an opportunity to watch an orang while it constructed its resting place. He never uses a nest after the leaves become withered and dry, no doubt because the bare branches are not comfortable to lie upon. I never saw or heard of any house-building by orang-outangs.

We found the animals most numerous along the Simujan River, near its source. Our manner of hunting was to make trips up and down the river in our boat, paddling slowly and silently along, keeping a careful lookout. Sometimes in rounding a bend in the river we would come full upon a huge, black-faced, red-haired animal, reposing quietly or feeding. I aimed to shoot them through the chest, and thus either kill them at once or disable them so that they would be unable to get away. On several occasions I succeeded in killing a large specimen with a single bullet. It would at all times have been an easy matter to have shot them through the head, but this would have ruined the skulls. As soon as an orang was fired at, if not killed at once, he would begin climbing away with all haste.

I think we may fairly consider the orangs the most helpless of all quadrumana. Owing to the great weight of their bodies and the peculiar structure of their hands, they cannot run nimbly along even the largest branches, and never dare to spring from one tree to the next. The weight of the adult male ranges from 120 to 160 pounds. Owing to the disproportionate shortness of his legs, his progress depends mainly upon his long, sinewy arms, and very often he goes swinging through a tree-top by their aid alone. Upon the ground orangs are a picture of the most abject helplessness, and in their native forest they are very seldom known to descend to the earth. They are utterly incapable of standing fully erect without touching the ground with their hands, and for them to be represented in drawings and museums as standing erect is contrary to nature.

In conclusion, Mr. Hornaday remarked: "We will not say anything about the part of orangs in the long chain of evolution, for we feel that no one present will wish to admit his or her relationship. But while abstract argument leads hither and thither, according as this or that writer is most ably gifted for argument, there is still one influence to which every true naturalist is amenable, and which no one will ignore who has studied from nature any group of natural forms. Let such an one (if indeed such an one exists to-day), who is prejudiced against Darwinian views, go to the forests of Borneo. Let him there watch from day to day this strangely human form in all its various phases of existence. Let him see it climb, walk, build its nest, eat and drink, and fight like human 'roughs.' Let him see the female suckle her young and carry it astride her hip precisely as do the Coolie women of Hindoostan. Let him witness their human-like emotions of affection, satisfaction, pain and childish rage—let him see all this, and then he may feel how much more patent has been this lesson than all he has read in pages of abstract ratiocination."

The anxieties concerning the fate of the Swedish expedition under the lead of Prof. Nordenfjöld, in search of an open passage along the northern shores of Asia and Europe, have at last been happily dispelled by the safe arrival of that brave adven-

turer in the harbor of Yokohama, whence authentic dispatches have been received. It will be remembered that as long ago as the fourth of July, 1878, two steamers, the Vega and Lena, left the harbor of Gothenburg, Sweden, to solve the problem of the circumnavigation of the northern Asiatic and European continents. The river Lena was reached on Aug. 26 of the same year, but huge fields of early packed ice prevented, on Sept. 27, further progress, and compelled the two expeditionary vessels to make preparations for suitable winter quarters. They were detained at this point no less than 264 days, when they were released at last, and passed on July 20 of the present year into the Behrings Strait. The object of the expedition, to furnish practical proofs for the existence of a practicable northeast passage, was thus fully accomplished, and time will show how much benefit will accrue from it to the far-off natives along these desolate shores, or the inhabitants of the Tundras of northern Siberia. It would hardly seem probable that ever any active trade could spring up by shipment of the products of that region by the way of the great rivers of Siberia, since their estuaries are blocked up with ice the larger portion of the year. The general barrenness of these frozen steppes also, over which at present only roaming bands of the Koriaks and Tschuktschi gain a precarious livelihood by fur hunting or fishing, offer no special inducement to commerce. The successfully accomplished undertaking can, however, hardly fail to give a new impetus to Arctic exploration, and kindle anew the spirit of enterprise and hardihood, without which mankind would sink into effeminate indolence. There has as yet no full report been published upon the many valuable and interesting scientific results of that expedition, and but little is therefore known beyond the assurance of its present safety. The voyagers were hospitably treated by the natives, among whom they wintered for many months, and from whom they departed with many regrets. At Behrings Island, near the mouth of Behrings Strait, they received the first news from the outside world through a trader of the Alaska Fur Company. It seems as if that island has furnished some of the most valuable additions to the large collections in the department of natural history. The discovery of a new animal, the Rhytina Stelleri is claimed, although a few individuals of that nearly extinct mammal have been taken before the advent of this present expedition. The fossil remains of the islands are also described as very interesting and of enormous variety. There are no difficulties whatever during the open season in respect to navigation between the Lena, which drains Central Siberia and Japan, and well-equipped steamers could probably accomplish their trips between these points as regularly as in any other waters. The Vega will recruit a few weeks at Yokohama before returning homeward via the Suez canal.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

OLD READER, Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Will you please give me the names of the pure bred English, Irish and Gordon setters, now owned in this country, who have won a first prize at field trials, either in this country or England, to decide a small bet? Ans.—Memphis, 1875, Maud (English setter), Puppy Stakes. Memphis, 1876, Drake (English setter), Champion Stakes; Erin (Irish setter), and Drake (English setter), Brace Stakes; Erin (Irish setter), Greenwood Gold Plate. Hampton, Iowa, 1877, Nellie (English setter), Puppy and Champion Stakes. Nashville, 1877, Gladstone (English setter), Puppy Stakes; Clip and Pride of the South (English setters), Brace Stakes; Rill (English setter), St. Louis Kennel Club Stakes. Sauk Centre, Minn., 1878, Prairie Bell (English setter), Nursery Stakes; Strathroy (English setter), Eighteen Months Old, Puppy Stakes; Friend (Irish setter), Champion Stakes. Nashville, 1878, Pearl of Maury (English setter), Eighteen Months Old, Puppy Stakes; Drake (English setter), divided 1st in Champion Stakes; Dash III. and Drake (English setters), Brace Stakes. Rock and Rob Roy (English setters), both first prize field trial winners in England, are dead.

W. L. M., Alum Springs, Ky.—My puppy, just about three months old, seems to be in good health, with the exception of a slight touch of mange, from which he has nearly entirely recovered without having been much annoyed. He eats small lumps of coal. Why do you think he does it? Will it do him any harm? He is lively enough, considering that he is a large pup for his age, and exhibits good sense and quick perception in learning his yard lessons. Has strong appetite. Ans.—Let him eat all the coal he wants. We leave it around where puppies can get all they want. It is the best anti-worm remedy you can get.

J. F. A.—Boston, Mass.—Who do you consider the best breaker of dogs in this vicinity? Those I have been to see know how to handle the whip too much for me. I don't want my dog broken in that way. I want the dog to have some life when he comes back to me, but few dogs have after they are returned. Ans.—Try H. J. Ferry, Palmer, Mass.

W. L. M., Ripley, Ohio.—Will you please tell me what will rid my young (two months old) setter pup of fleas? I do not wish to use any advertised flea powders. Answer and oblige. Ans.—See last issue, Sept. 13.

Chas. J. Fox.—Delaware.—They are oftentimes apparently wanting, but are up in the body at the time, having failed to come down; but he is just as good for all purposes.

FISH.

E. C. L.—Noblesville, Ind.—Please inform me what fish are to be caught in the Sturgeon river, Menominee County, Michigan; also Hamilton Lakes, same county, and the best bait for them?—Ans.—Trout are found in plenty in the streams and black bass in the lakes of the Northern Peninsula, and possibly the grayling may be found there. For the bass use the tails of crawfish (the fresh water lobster), minnows, or best of all the "dobson" (larva of helgramite fly). For trout and grayling use the artificial fly if you can. If you have never cultivated this beautiful art your knowledge of the delights of angling is limited. If you must kill trout with bait use angle-worms, or if the fish are large, minnows.

HORSE.

HARD TACK, St. Louis.—Please let me know through your correspondence column what to do for a horse that has long, round, pointed worms? He passes some from time to time. I gave him antimony, but without effect. Ans.—Take of sulphate of iron one and a half ounces, tartar emetic half ounce, linseed meal two ounces, mix and divide into twelve powders, give one night and morning in his feed. After they are all gone give him a full purgative dose of aloes—from five to seven drachms, according to the size of the horse.

IRA A. PAINÉ IN THE FIELD.—I shall be at liberty during the months of August and September to give my shooting exhibitions at *State Fairs*, etc. I defy any man living to duplicate my shots and have been pronounced through these columns to stand without Peer or Rival. Parties engaging me are at liberty to play any other so-called champions at the same time. IRA A. PAINÉ, King of all the Shooters, care Gillman Bros., Detroit, Mich. (Advt. 3t.)

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only \$1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass. Advt. 13-6-13t

A great medicine in small vials.—Dr. Pierce's Pellets (little pills). No cheap, paste-board or wooden boxes, that allow a waste of strength. Sick headache, dizziness, rush of blood to head, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, jaundice, internal fever, boils, and nettle rash. Sold by druggists.—(Advt.)

AUTUMNAL TINTS.—The rich golden brown, dark red, maroon and orange color of Leamon's Dyes, made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., enable a lady at small expenditure to manage for her Autumnal dress. Get them at your druggist.—(Advt.)

A twenty-five cent bottle of Wells, Richardson & Co's Perfected Butter Color, made at Burlington, Vt., will color 300 pounds of butter, and add five or six cents to the market value of each pound. Intelligent dairymen know this, and they all use it.—(Advt.)

An Adventure With Wolves in Lithuania.

A friend, who is out in Lithuania, wrote to tell me of a very narrow escape he had in the winter from being torn in pieces by wolves, and I give it in his own words. "I was staying at a friend's house when Madame B— received the intelligence of her sister-in-law, Madame Kertch's accident, and Natalie Kertch, a girl of twelve, who was staying at her aunt's, desired to go home to see her mother at once. Our host was absent, so I offered to take the child back, and the drozhky was turned out, the horses harnessed, and we turned in. We had not gone more than four or five miles from the house before a sort of *buran* came on, a violent high wind accompanied by snow, but it fortunately did not last long, though it delayed us some little time, and I was glad to find when it was over that the horses quickened their pace, but I noticed that our driver looked alarmed, yet still urged the animals on. I inquired the reason of this, and heard to my dismay that he believed we were followed by a pack of wolves—horses, he said, could smell the danger a long way off. A short time proved that his fears were correct, and the horses rushed madly on. We fortunately had two guns, and I am, as you know, a fair shot, but still I hoped we should not come into such close quarters with our pursuers as to render it necessary to use them. The pack gained on us, our horses began to flag, and the driver called out 'Fire!' I obeyed, and for a moment or so the wretches seemed to have received a check, but on they came again. My little charge screamed terribly. 'Shoot me, kill me!' she shrieked out; 'don't let them tear me and eat me,' and the thought did for the instant flash across my mind that such a death as the poor little girl proposed would be preferable for us both, but matters had not become quite so desperate yet. Our driver gave the horses their heads—how he secured the reins I know not—but his hands were at liberty, and he loaded one gun as I fired the other. Each charge produced a momentary check or pause, which was of course in our favor, but I doubt our ultimate escape if, just as two of the foremost wolves were nearly up with us, a company of horsemen, accompanied by some most magnificent hounds, had not suddenly appeared on the scene. They were a hunting party, headed by Prince —, who, having heard of the ravages committed by this very band of wolves, were come out to seek for them, and most providentially arrived on the spot in time to save us from their fangs."

—L. in Land and Water.

ADVICE TO BATHERS.—The Royal Humane Society has issued a circular containing the following advice to bathers: "Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water, but leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

A CURE FOR BLACK LEG.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I see by the papers that the Black Leg is killing off a great many valuable calves in some parts of the State. Now, knowing you are interested in good stock as well as sporting matters, I thought I would just tell you a cure I have tried often and never known to fail. First, the disease, of course, is in the hind parts, and the first thing to do is to pat the surface of the body and hind parts with the hand until you strike a part that sounds hollow, like patting on a bladder. Then take a sharp knife and make a slit on the skin directly over the place about four inches long, and the place will be found full of black blood or matter. Afterwards make a mixture of salt and pepper, *fine*, and fill the slit.—"Result:" Inside of two or three hours the black blood and matter will be running freely and the calf will get well if taken as soon as the lameness is discovered. It sometimes attacks the vital parts. I write this old remedy in hopes it may do some good if you see fit to publish the same.

S. H. LONGWORTH.

CARRION CROWS ON THE ZULU BATTLE FIELDS.—We are informed by persons who have visited some of the battle-fields in South Africa that, while the bodies of Zulus and of horses and cattle slain there have been devoured in a few days by the flocks of carrion crows, the bodies of white men have been left untouched by these scavengers. This was observed particularly on the field of Isandhlwana, on its being revisited for the first time after the disaster to our troops there, when the bodies of the European soldiers were found untouched, while those of the Zulus were almost entirely devoured. The reason of this preference of the birds for the flesh of black men is difficult to understand. Possibly the fact of the Europeans being clothed while the Zulus were naked may help to explain the circumstance, though this solution is not quite satisfactory, as some of the bodies of our fallen troops were stripped by the Zulus.—*The Colonies and India.*

WANTS AND EXCHANGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

THE BEST SHOOTING SUITS. Address GEO. C. HENNING, Washington, D. C. 11-12-13

WELSH FERRETS for sale by E. W. BRADLEY, Horton, Dodge Co., Wisconsin. 12-4-31

DIVING DECOYS.—If you shoot ducks send for circular. DIVING DECOY CO., Rochester, N. Y. 12-5-74

DR. CARVER.—Send forty cents for a cabinet photograph of Dr. Carver to C. A. ZIMMERMAN, St. Paul, Minn. 10-9-17

FOR SALE.—Tame sand-hill crane, tame wild geese, and one Parker gun, 12-bore. R. M. WILBURN, Pomeroy, Iowa. Look box 107. 11-26-17

FOR SALE.—THE CHICAGO FIELD every Friday morning at SMITH'S, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer, 123 Dearborn St., Chicago. 12-4-31

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A fine large English pointer dog, 3½ years old, well broken, and warranted in every respect. Price \$50, or will exchange same for a good duck dog. Address P.O. Box 936, Moline, Ill. 12-5-21

WANTED.—A few young dogs to break, by George C. Milner, breaker of "Pearl of Maury," winner of Puppy Stake at Nashville, 1878. Refers by permission to the celebrated trainer Capt. Jos. H. Daw. Address, GEORGE C. MILNER, Columbia, Tenn. 12-4-31

FOR SALE.—A challenge Toller, Purdy double bolt, lever in front of trigger guard; weight, 9 lbs 8 oz.; 10 gauge; ½ pistol grip; 3-inch drop, 14½ length of stock; 22-in barrels; but little used; in leather case, with implements complete and 25 nickel plated shells. Cash price, \$175, currency. Address W. A. COSTER, Flatbush, L. I., or Horace Smith, 38 Park Row, New York. 8-25-17

WANTED TO SELL OR EXCHANGE.—A farm containing 512 acres of land, with good country dwelling, situated on the head of Catahoula Lake, about sixteen miles from the town of Alexandria, La. The land produces corn, cotton, and potatoes; there is 20 acres under cultivation. The lake abounds with wild fowl, geese, brant, ducks, and snipe in abundance, and it is the hunting ground of the sportsmen here. In the forest, deer, foxes, and squirrels are plentiful, and the fishing facilities are excellent. For further particulars address H. L. DAIGRE, Alexandria, La., or the Editor of the CHICAGO FIELD. 12-2-1m

KENNEL.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this head for 25 cts a line for the first insertion, and 15 cts for each subsequent insertion. If displayed, \$3.50 per inch for first, and \$2.50 for each subsequent insertion.

50 Cents A Copy.

THREE FOR A DOLLAR.



KIT KILLBIRD'S DOG PATHS TO SUCCESS!

A complete manual for teaching pointer and setter for the field, 60 p. 7x5. To which are added the standards for judging the pointer, setter and cocker spaniel, with various hints concerning the cocker, and other miscellaneous matter. The whole prefaced by "Sand Snipe." Liberal discount to dealers. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address on receipt of the above price. Address, W. C. PERCY, Tunica, Louisiana, or Wm. Hunt, Jr., Fargo, Dakota, Ter. 8-21-17

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

HIGHEST AWARD FOR

Dog Biscuits

WAS GIVEN TO

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

The order for feeding the dogs at the Great International Dog Show, held in conjunction with the Great International Exhibition at Paris, was given to Spratt's Patent by the Minister of Agriculture, and the dogs were sent home, after 12 days confinement (the longest on record), in perfect health and condition. In addition to the above, Spratt's Patent have been awarded over 27 gold, silver & bronze medals, including the Silver Medal of the Kennel Club of England, and Gold Medal of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York; and "Only Medal ever given" by the English Government for Dog Biscuits.

FRANCIS O. de LUZE, SOLE AGENT, 18 South William St., NEW YORK. 7-1-17

Grand Bench Show of Dogs.

FIRST EXHIBITION GIVEN BY THE

St. Louis Kennel Club

AT THE

Fair Grounds, St. Louis, Mo. October 7, 8, 9 and 10.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

Address care Brown, Hilder & Co., 604 North Fourth St.

Entries Close Sept. 20.

12-4-31

The Sound View Kennel.

Plunket, Elcho, Rufus and Salus' Dash stock for sale. Address David G. Harris, Northport, Long Island, N. Y. 7-26-17

KENNEL.

ROB ROY KENNEL.

DRUID.—Llewellyn's breed; (4267 Eng. K. C. S. B., and 95 Nat. Am. K. C. S. B.); black, white and tan; by Llewellyn's Prince (full brother to Countess and Nelly), out of Dora. Druid has won at four English field trials, beating Rob Roy and Madonna's Ranger; also upon the bench. No English dog in America except Rob Roy has an equal field record. At St. Louis when out of condition Druid got V.H.C. in the champion class, 2d in the open class and 1st in braces with Queen Mab, beating Smith's Leicester and Paris. At Detroit he won 1st, beating Leicester, also special and brace prize, with Queen Mab in the latter class, beating Paris and Temple Bar. In the eight months class Druid's pups won 1st over Leicester's.

I am breeding to Druid Champion Queen Mab and Nilsson, both bred by Mr. Llewellyn and the only representatives in America of the grand Dan—Nelly cross, pronounced by Mr. Llewellyn and Mr. Buckell "The best they have ever seen."

CHAMPION RUFUS, Irish, (4341 Eng. K. C. S. B., and 94 Nat. Am. K. C. S. B.); deep red, no white, by Trench's shot out of Trench's Linda, combining the celebrated Trench, Daly & Hendrick's pure strain. One of the best bred and handsomest dogs in the country, and winner of nine prizes in England and America, including the Irish championship at New York (beating Elcho) and Stock Dog Cup. Rufus is the sire, amongst others, of the following noted prize winners, all of one litter: Rufus II, Centennial Irish Champion; Rory O'More, 1st New York (beating the get of Elcho and Plunket); Fire Fly, 1st Centennial and 2d New York; Kelpie, 2d Centennial, and Fanchon 1st Kansas City.

FER.—Druid, \$35; Rufus, \$25. Apply to

5-17-17 Arnold Burges, Millisale, Mich.

To Sportsmen, Breeders and Exhibitors.

For Sale Irish Red Setters.

I have at present some of the most promising Irish red setter puppies I ever bred, out of my champion Hane, dam of Loo I, Loo II, Stins II, Loo III, Loo V, Truth, Strawn I and II, Play, Colleen Rhue, York, Ruby—all well-known winners of grand prizes at the champion Palmerston, out of Mr. Cecil Morris' champion Bella.

They are most promising, and as I will be shipping some to the States in October I recommend any gentleman wanting the promise of a winner, both on the bench and in the field, to at once order one of the above litter. For price and full pedigree apply to AENEAS FALKNER NUTTALL, Tittour, Newtown, Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, Ireland. N. B.—Full pedigree together with price list and opinions of the press, sent free on application. 12-3-17

Diseases of Dogs.

Remedies for Distemper, Paralysis, Worms, Mange, Canker, Purgative, Alterative, and Tonic Pills, etc., will be forwarded with full directions to any address on receipt of \$1 per bottle or package of pills. Letters asking advice and prescriptions, in order to receive attention, must be accompanied by a fee of \$1.

A. H. BAKER,

Veterinary Surgeon,

Medalist of the Montreal Veterinary College, Member of the Montreal Veterinary Medical Association. Veterinarian to the CHICAGO FIELD. Veterinarian to the Illinois Humane Society.

125 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO. 6-10-17

THE STUD BOOK

JUST PUBLISHED.

National American Kennel Club STUD BOOK, Vol. I.

Sent Free by Mail on Receipt of Price, \$2 per copy. For sale only by JNO. W. MUNSON, Sec'y, 315 Olive Street, St. Louis.

Entries can now be made in Vol. II. on blanks furnished for that purpose to be had of the secretary. 11-10-17

THE ST. LOUIS Kennel Club.

Breeders of Fine Pointers.

STUD DOGS:

Champion Faust - Fee \$75.
Champion Bow - Fee \$50.

Puppies by these dogs from first-class imported bitches for sale.

Dogs boarded at seventy-five cents per week. Address St. Louis Kennel Club, 11-24-17r NORMANDY, MISSOURI.

BUZZARD'S Canine Medicines.

Buzzard's Distemper Pills \$1 per box.
Buzzard's Mange Lintment \$1 and \$2 per bottle.
Buzzard's Alternative Cooling Powders \$1 per box.
Buzzard's Worm Powders, \$1 per box.
Buzzard's Canker Wash \$1 per bottle.

The above medicines will be sent to any address, by return of mail, with full directions, on receipt of the above named prices. Prepared only by

Dr. A. E. BUZZARD,

Veterinary Surgeon,

Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons London, Eng.

Dr. Buzzard will send, per return of mail, on receipt of \$1 and full particulars of any disease of domesticated animals, advice and prescriptions. Address as above, P. O. Box 65, Nashville, Tenn. 10-16-17

DISEASES OF THE DOG

and their HOMOEOPATHIC TREATMENT, including CARE AND TRAINING, By SILVER STRAIN, will be ready on and after June 1st. Price 50 cents. Mailed free. Postage stamps taken. Address Box 199, Stamford, Conn. 11-17-17

KENNEL.

Champion Berklev. The Champion Irish Setter of America.

Any one desiring to own a full brother or sister to this most famous dog, can now secure one of the Elcho-Loo II. litter. It is very doubtful that another opportunity can ever be had. The pups are very promising. Address BERKLEV, care Massachusetts Kennel Club, Box 1157, Boston, Mass. 12-3-17

THE SETTER,

BY THE LATE EDWARD LAVERACK.

A FEW COPIES LEFT,

Price, \$3.

Address MARSH & CO., Proprietors CHICAGO FIELD, 155 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 8-10-17

IN THE STUD.

Pure Laverack Setter

CARLOWITZ

For pedigree and particulars address P. O. Box 115, Wilmington, Del. 11-19-17

"The Dilley Pointer"

ROYAL DON,

By Snipe, out of Countess Royal, own sister to Dilley's Ranger, full pedigree.

IN THE STUD.

Broken and hunted on all game.

Fee \$15.

Address W. A. COSTER, Flatbush, L. I. 10-19-17

IN THE STUD.

Llewellyn Setter Dog

LOFTY.

For fee and particulars address

KENTUCKY KENNEL CLUB, 11-23-1m Frankfort, Ky.

BORELL'S

Worm Balls for Dogs.

A reliable and harmless remedy for removing worms from dogs, containing neither a drastic purge nor deleterious astringent, and used with marked success; also for the expulsion of the tape worm, so often bringing on fatal distemper and aggravating the disease. Recommended by "Homo," and used for the past three years in the Kennel of W. W. Colket, Esq. Price, \$1, with full directions; sent post paid. In ordering state weight of dog. H. A. BORELL, Chemist, 2043 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 12-2-17

TOPEKA KENNEL.

Champion Sleford, pointer, Llewellyn setter Brussels, and Beau, Burdette, cocker spaniel, in the stud. Whelps sired by each of the above dogs respectively, of different ages, for sale, out of fine native and imported bitches. A number of finely broken pointers and setters for sale.

A 24-page pamphlet, containing Stonehenge's points for judging dogs, with ideas on breeding and training, by A. C. Waddell, and other valuable matter to sportsmen, forwarded on receipt of four postage stamps. IRWIN & WADDELL, Topeka, Kan. 11-7-17

DASH III.

PUPPIES.

Out of DIANA (Champion Rock—Nesbit's Maud). For particulars and price address EDWARD E. HARDY, Mass. Kennel Club, 29½ State street, Boston. 12-5-1m

IN THE STUD.

COIN.

Fee \$50.

Address COIN, P. O. Box 2384, Boston, Mass. 11-21-3m

IN THE STUD, GORDON SETTER DOG GROUSE.

Fee \$35.

Address JAMES MOORE, Toledo, Ohio, Toledo Kennel Club. 10-21-17

IN THE STUD,

Irish Setter

RANGER.

Fee, \$20.

Address GEO. S. FOWLER, Fort Wayne, Ind. 9-30-3m

CHAMPION JACK AND RACE.

CHAMPION JACK is a white and orange English setter, with black eyes and nose, winner during 1878 of two championships, one first and five special prizes. Has always won wherever entered.

RACE, a son of champion Elcho out of Fanny Fern, is a deep red, and 1st prize winner at St. Louis Show, first prize winner at Detroit this year; and with his brother Ben winner of Brace Stakes at Baltimore show, 1878, beating champions Berkley and Loo II. Fee, \$25 each. Address, E. C. WALLER, 94 Washington St., Chicago. 8-9-17

KENNEL.

Killbird Kennel.

I am breeding a few highly-bred pointer bitches—Including my favorite and my young English dog Signal (No. 125 A. K. C. S. B.), the produce of which I warrant as fine as any in America. The acclimatization of my stock, along with the risk and cost of transportation on dogs from the North, constitutes a point from which Southern sportsmen should consider their interests. Address W. C. PERCY, Tunica, La. 11-25-11

English Setter Brood Bitches for Sale Cheap.

ORPHINA—Pride of the Border, ex-Nellie.

LADY BEACONSFIELD—Leicester, ex-Orphina.

Apply to E. H. GILLMAN, Detroit, Mich. 12-6-11

RATTLER

In the Stud.

Blue belton, Llewellyn setter, winner of three bench prizes, by Champion Rob Roy (winner of five English field trials), out of the pure Laverack bitch Pickles. Will serve bitches at \$20. Litters warranted. Inquire of L. F. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich. 10-20-11

IN THE PUBLIC STUD,

E. F. STODDARD'S IMPORTED RED IRISH SETTER

CHAMPION BOB.

The high order of his field and bench show qualities, combined with the purity of his breeding, makes him the most desirable Irish setter sire in America. Full pedigree and list of winnings sent on application. Address R. B. MORGAN, Canton, Stark Co., O. 11-5-11

A BARGAIN.

"IKE," a liver and white pointer pup, 7 months old, out of my "Rye" (liver bitch) by my "Signal" (English dog). A trim, active youngster. Already taught to "heel" promptly at his place, or any thing thrown for him; retrieves, and goes in water like a duck; and ready for work the coming season. For \$40 placed in hands of Mr. Rowe, and on his order, I will send the pup (express prepaid). Address W. C. PERCY, Tunica, La. 12-1-11

Mr. Pilkington's Pointers.

Mr. George Pilkington has some of his celebrated pointers to part with, including several bitches of the choicest Field Trial blood, which he would undertake to have served before shipment by his Field Trial winner Garnet, or his sire "Tory" (K. C. S. B.) as desired. The dogs include two litter brothers to Faust. Address G. E. PILKINGTON, Widnes, Lancashire, England. 12-5-11

Spaniels and Setters for Sale.

Four Irish water spaniel bitches and one dog, whelped June 25, out of last prize winner Lottie (Sindad—Bridget), by Shady (Bob—Bridget), none better. Also five dogs and five bitches whelped July 2, out of red Irish setter bitch Jessie (Grouse—Gypsie), by Poyneer's Boston (Rob—Duck), a grand dog; all large and strong, and very fine. Spaniels \$15, at six to eight weeks old. Address J. B. BROWN, Mo. Valley, Iowa. 11-24-11

Rob Roy Kennel Drafts.

I have for sale a very handsome bitch by Druid, out of Nilsson, whelped Apr. 24. Nilsson is full sister to my Champion Queen Mab, is one of the six living Dan—Nelly bitches, and has proved herself a grand brood bitch, her last litter being the best I have ever seen. Druid and Nilsson should produce the finest possible progeny of the unequalled Llewellyn strain. Apply to ARNOLD BURGESS, Hillsdale, Mich. 11-12-11

FOR SALE.

High Bred Pointers.

A few choice pointer pups by champions Rush, Snap-shot and Sensation, ex-champions Romp, Rose and Ruby, ages from three months to one year. For full particulars address EDMUND ORGILL, Box 169, New York. 12-6-11

Strathroy Kennel.

For sale, puppies 8 months old, by Gladstone out of Mersey and Clip, both sisters to Paris. Address L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ontario, Canada. 12-6-11

Splendid Opportunity.

For sale, cheap. Puppies from Lady Beaconsfield, by Royal Ben, he by Carlwist. Also puppies from Orphina, by Rattler, he by Rob Roy. No better breed in the country. 11-20-11 E. H. GILLMAN, Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE.

Setter DOGS and BITCHES, from 7 mos. to 3 yrs. old, broken and unbroken, black and tan, and black, white and tan Gordons, red with white, and lemon and white, out of Mab, Di, Flirt, Tip, Jessie and Gypsie, sired by Gaudin's Dan, Copeland's (formerly Jerome's) Shot, Colburn's Dan, Saitus' Dash, Stoddard's Duke and Munn's Duke. For pedigrees in full and price, apply to 5-15 11 JAMES R. TILLEY, Locust Valley, L. I.

FOR SALE.

Part of a litter of five dogs and two bitches of pure bred Llewellyn setter pups, now six weeks old. These pups combine the famous blood of Leicester, Dart, Pride of the Border, Dora and Bergundthal's Rake. Are very handsome and certain to make something fine. Price \$25 each. Address C. W. MULLAN, Waterloo, Iowa. 11-19-11

FOR SALE.

A thoroughbred Chesapeake Bay dog; water dog; a beautiful sedge color, young and well broken. Price \$50, delivered at the express office. Also a beautiful Hambletonian mare, named Starlight Bess, young and very fast; beautifully marked; 15 hands high. Address G. E. BECK, Lankford, P. O. Kent Co., Maryland 11-9-11

FOR SALE.

The red Irish setter bitch Juno, and 1 dog or 2 bitch pups by Champion Elcho, whelped Dec. 20, 1878, all red and very fine. Juno won first prize at Providence, 1876. Address THOS. ADCOCK, Valley Mills, Providence, R. I. 11-9-11

FOR SALE.

Part of a litter of red Irish setter pups whelped June 23, 1879, by Champion ex-Aura (Bismarck—Eileen, both imported). Address R. SAUTHOFF, Box 1, North Windham, Me. 11-25-11

FOR SALE.

Champion Rupert, winner of more prizes than any Gordon dog in America. For pedigree and price address W. J. FARRAR, Toledo, O. 11-23-11

KENNEL.

JOHN BOLUS, Killbuck Kennels, Wooster, O.

Field Trial Setters

DOGS and BITCHES WITH IMP. Belton

IN THE STUD.



THE CELEBRATED BLACK, WHITE AND TAN FIELD TRIAL SETTER DOG "BELTON" 5324

Fee for Native or Imported Bitches, to Either Dog, \$25. Broken and Unbroken Pointers and Setters \$25 to \$150 each. Boarders \$4 per month. Room for One Hundred Dogs.

SPECIAL.—I would respectfully inform the many late applicants that all Field Trial Puppies from Last Litters are sold, but will have due by March 10th FOUR MORE LITTERS by BELTON, out of two Field Trial and two Laverack bitches. To avoid mistakes made by several in regard to my last advertisement, I will herein state: Puppies are sold at eight weeks old only, for \$15. After that from \$25 to \$75 according to age.

I am Breeding to BELTON the following broken imported Field Trial and Laverack bitches: BRAMBLE, BREEZE, BLONDE, BELMORE, BOLOSSY, MAGNET 2d and 3d, and ROSE.

For further particulars, pedigrees, and lithographs, address

JOHN BOLUS, Wooster, Ohio.

PEDIGREES OF DOGS.—Their compiling and printing is our specialty. We defy competition in prices, completeness, accuracy and neatness. Send 10 cents for sample pedigrees and prices. Send 25 cents for The Dog Breakers' Guide. Send 25 cents for sample pictures of celebrated dogs. Book on Distemper, 25 cents. Book on Worms, 25 cents. Book on Mange, 25 cents. M. Von Cullen's Patent Spike Collar, with book of instructions, \$3, by mail. Patent Kennel Collars, 75 cents, \$1, and \$1.25. Dog Couplers, 75 cents and \$1. Dog chains, 35 cents to \$1. Check Cord, 25 cents. Flea Powder, 50 cents. Powder Gun, 50 cents. Dog Soap, 50 cents. Worm Powder, 50 cents. Distemper Cure, \$1. Mange Cure, \$1. Blue Blooded setters for sale. M. VON CULIN, Delaware City Del. 12-1-11

FOR SALE.—A thoroughly broken setter, fast and stylish runner. Good nose, perfectly staunch on point. Capital retriever from either land or water. Will back drop to wing on the raising of the hand, and has many other equally good qualities. Also two very fine pointer dogs, 8 months old, not broken. Address JOS. H. KRAFT, New Albany, Ind. 12-5-11

FOR SALE.—Four thoroughbred, deep red Irish setter pups, by imported champion setter Joe, and out of Bess, she by Pat, out of Biddy, both imported. Also a thoroughly broken setter of the Gliderleeve strain; and a fine thoroughbred broken pointer. For particulars address HORACE SMITH, No. 31 Park Row, New York. 12-17-11

FOR SALE—AND STOCK AT VERY LOW PRICES—A fine assortment of Yorkshire, Skye and black and tan terriers, pug, King Charles and all other fancy breed of dogs. All letters promptly answered. HENRY KISTERMANN, 157 E. 35th St., New York City. 11-17-11

FOR SALE.—Two pups by Druid out of Swazee (Rake—Fanny), whelped May 27, 1879. Black and white, and black, white and tan. For pedigree, etc., apply to J. W. WILKINSON, Virginia, Ill. 11-25-11

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